

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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DR. PUSEY'S EIRENICON.

THE name of this book is Peace. If its practical tendency were, as its name imports, simply to restore peace and communion even between two or three Churches, it would deserve our unmixed sympathy, though the principles on which it was based might be narrow, and the end proposed might be very far short of the reconciliation of Christendom for which all true Christians look. Not only all true Christians, but every friend of humanity. For Christianity, instead of a bond of union and goodwill, has been made, through the division of the Churches, a source of disunion, hatred, war: it has been a more baneful source of these evils than the territorial and commercial antagonism of kings and nations. It opens a deeper character both for good and evil in nations as well as in men; and the malignity of Christendom has been worse than that of the heathen world.

But there is something visible even in these pages different from peace. There is a desire to prevent Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Greeks from any longer "wasting their strength against each other," and teach them to "concentrate" it against "a common foe," whose presence, it seems, "has already done more to remove misconceptions and prejudices than twenty years of effort of our own," has "given a watchword whereby the friends of Jesus may recognise one another," and

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has even awakened the heads of the Romanizing party to the merits of the Evangelicals, and to a sense of their eligibility as temporary allies. What the common foe is may be learnt from certain passages in this work, less marked perhaps by urbanity than by zeal for the faith. It is not heathenism nor the Enemy of mankind.

A union of the three great sacerdotal and political Churches—the Papacy, the Greek Church (or, as it may be more truly called, the Russian Caliphate), and the Anglican Establishment—might make a peace indeed; a peace such as the Church has scarcely had a prospect of enjoying since the marriage of Mary with Philip II.

In part explanation of the aversion apparently felt by Englishmen to the Papal authority, Dr. Pusey says, "Probably there is an hereditary dread of the renewal of the fires of Smithfield, the sinfulness of which has never been disowned." Not only has it never been disowned, but the fundamental principle of persecution has been distinctly repromulgated in the Pope's recent Encyclical, which denounces freedom of opinion and liberty of worship as immoral, and is lauded by the Archbishop of Westminster as setting forth "the great constructive principles of morality and jurisprudence on which the Christian world is founded." But in upbraiding the Church of Rome

with not having disowned the fires of Smithfield, Dr. Pusey forgets the persecutions which his own Church carried on under the ascendancy of his own party, and which, so far as we are aware, have never been formally disowned, though they have no doubt been effectually arrested by the growing strength of Liberal principles, which High Churchmen are apt almost to identify with the triumph of Satan. He forgets the evidence which such organs of High Churchmanship as the *Church and State Review* are continually affording, that intolerance is crippled, not extinct. He underrates, we fear, the length to which the coarser members of a priesthood invested with political power might be carried by the spirit which has animated some of his own proceedings, and which gleams forth even in these pages, if the restraints of modern society were removed.

As to the Russian Church, it is needless to say that it is as political and almost as intolerant as Islam, and that it would bring an intensely persecuting spirit into any confederacy of which it might form a part.

Charity, therefore, itself—not any un-Christian feeling towards Anglican, Greek, or Roman, or any un-Christian exultation in the mutual differences of those with whom we do not ourselves agree—forbids us to desire that this “concentration of the forces” of the three great political Churches should take place. Such an alliance would, if it were possible, crush liberty and truth out of the world; it would blast the rising hope of a better and broader reconciliation; and, as the reason and conscience of men would revolt against it at last, it would probably end in a deluge of scepticism such as the world has never seen.

This is not the first attempt to bring about a reconciliation with a view to a “concentration of forces” between the Church, or rather the clergy, of England, and the Church of Rome. Laud and his party persecuted English Protestants with one hand and held out the other to the Roman priesthood.

That was indeed a perilous hour for the Protestant cause. Richelieu had crushed the Huguenots in France. The generals of the Catholic League were carrying all before them in Germany. If the Roman Catholic powers could have been brought, by a religious reconciliation of England to Rome, to make common cause with the reactionary party here, and to lend the aid of their arms to Charles I. the doom of English Protestantism would, to all appearances, have been sealed: and there was then no great community in the New World to afford liberty a safe asylum against the combinations of its European enemies. *Affavit Deus et dissipati sunt.* Laud wished to make the English nation bow its neck again to the yoke of Roman superstition, but, as the self-constituted Pope of the Anglican Church, he by no means wished to bow his own neck to the jurisdiction of the Roman Pope. The Papacy was uncompromising, as the instinct of self-preservation, rather than any superhuman wisdom, has led it and will always lead it to be. A certain number of individual conversions to Rome took place among ecclesiastics and persons of quality. But the two Churches remained divided; and the Catholic Powers, instead of lending their aid to Charles I. in his attempt to crush English liberty, lent it to the Parliamentarians, and contributed, with a truly judicial blindness, to the destruction of the heretic king.

Again, in the early part of the last century, overtures were made by certain doctors of the Sorbonne, headed by Dupin, to the Primate of the English Church. But these theologians represented not the Church of Rome, but the Gallican party in the French Church; and the attempt may be regarded in effect as an incident in the semi-rebellion of the Gallicans against the despotism of the Pope, even if it was not connected with a phase of opinion more liberal than Gallicanism, and alien not only to Rome, but to Dr. Pusey's own views.¹

¹ “The Abbé Dupin,” says M. Martin in his *History of France*, “a remarkable and con-

The negotiation for ecclesiastical union was evidently fostered by the close political alliance then subsisting between the two governments. It appears to have been favoured by the Regent Orleans, a singular arbiter, it must be owned, of religious arrangements, but a great friend, and almost a diplomatic dependent, of this country. It broke down when a change took place in our diplomatic relations; nor does it seem ever to have extended beyond a very limited circle, mainly clerical, in either country, or to have arrived within view of practical success. Perhaps, if it had come to the point, the English nation might have been found more exacting than its clergy in adjusting terms of communion with the Church which did not repent of the St. Bartholomew, and gloried in the Dragonnades. Dupin's protocol of reconciliation has been preserved, in substance at least, and Dr. Pusey apparently regards it as a basis upon which renewed negotiations may be hopefully founded. But, at the present day, the Ultramontanes can boast, apparently with perfect truth, that Gallicanism has ceased to exist. Among the mass of Roman Catholics, the memory of a Gallican doctor of the Sorbonne is as odious, we apprehend, as that of a declared heretic.

The reaction, ecclesiastical and political, which has been for some time prevailing in England, and of which we are just beginning to see, or rather to feel, the approaching termination, pre-

scientious writer, after having come before the world, while still young, with a treatise *On the Ancient Discipline of the Church*, in which he reduces the authority of the Pope almost to a simple primacy, had undertaken, under the title of the *New Library of Ecclesiastical Authors*, a general history of Christian Theology. In this, he criticized the Fathers, and exposed their opinions as unsparingly as though he had been dealing with profane writers, and asserted that St. Cyprian was the first of the Fathers who had spoken quite clearly on Original Sin; that St. Justin and St. Irenæus had understood by eternal punishment only punishment of long duration, &c. Bossuet solemnly interposed (intervient avec éclat) to force the author to retract, and the Archbishop of Paris, Harlai, condemned the work."—Vol. xiv. p. 293.

sents many points of analogy, both in its causes and in its manifestations, to that which prevailed in the time of Charles I. And, once more, the leaders of the priest-party in the Anglican Church stretch out their hands in hopes of an alliance to the Church of Rome.

They stretch out their hands to the place where the Church of Rome was in the time of Charles I. But the Church of Rome is there no longer. As fast as they have been moving towards her former belief and system, she has been moving towards Ultramontanism and the extreme of sacerdotal and feminine superstition. The "shores of Italy," to borrow an image from Dr. Pusey, are "still receding," and nothing short of a leap, at which all who have not religiously closed their eyes must stand aghast, will now carry the Romanizing Anglican into the bosom of Rome.

Masculine intellect having been estranged from the Roman Church at once by its outrages upon reason, and by its opposition to the progress of civilization, the intellectual checks upon fanaticism and enthusiasm have been almost entirely removed; and, in the recent developments of Roman Catholicism, the tendencies of priests and female devotees have exclusively prevailed. Of the effects produced when free course is given to the tendencies of priests all the world is aware. We have just read, in Mr. Merivale's "Lectures on the Conversion of the Northern Nations," a passage very meet for these times, on the corruptions introduced into Christianity by the unregulated tendencies of women. Woman thus takes, and has in all ages taken, a deadly revenge for the offence of society, in neglecting female education. A spiritual director would not have found it easy to weave his web round the understanding of such a Christian woman as Lady Jane Grey.

The result of these influences, acting without a curb in the Church of Rome, is the development of the Ultramontane doctrine of papal infallibility to the verge (to use an expression endorsed by Dr. Pusey himself) of "Llamanism," and the development of Mariolatry to

such a pitch, if his account may be trusted, that we should literally shrink from using the only language by which it could be adequately described. And each superstition, so far from having reached its utmost limit, seems to be still in full career. Ultramontane theologians are, apparently, about to produce a theory of the "quasi-hypostatic union" of the Holy Ghost with each successive Pope; while the leaders of popular devotion, such as the late Father Faber, are calling for "an immense—nothing short of an *immense*—increase" of devotion to the Virgin.

For such a plunge as this, even the most Romanizing among our clergy are not prepared. Accordingly, Dr. Pusey's address to the Roman Catholics assumes a double aspect: it is partly an overture of reconciliation, partly a controversial attack on the doctrines and practices which at present stand fatally in the way of that result. With one hand he holds out the olive-branch to Rome, while, to make her take it, he lashes her soundly with the other. But this is a method of negotiation which seldom proves successful, especially when the other party is obstinate and irascible in temper, and has, moreover, been habituated, and even partly encouraged, by your own language to regard you as decidedly an inferior. It is attempted under circumstances of peculiar difficulty by a religious leader, so many of whose party, including the very flower of its intellect, have already betrayed the untenable character of his position by going over without reserve to the Church of Rome. The Ultramontane commanders must have much less patience than the Greek besiegers of Troy, if with deserters, and not only rank and file, but officers and generals, coming over to them in such numbers, they cannot keep up the siege a few years more. The attitude of Dr. Manning towards the Anglican Establishment is that of a St. Michael treading, in the calm dignity of overwhelmingly superior power, on an odious but impotent foe. And Dr. Manning, while this answer to him was in progress, was ap-

pointed Archbishop of Westminster, so that his words became at once the freshest and most authentic exposition of the mind of the Holy See.

Some good English clergymen of the High Church school have just put out a Latin version of the English Prayer-book, to show the Roman Catholics how much we have in common. But at the same moment the old French Office-book, though supported by its intrinsic merits, and endeared to large bodies of the French people, is thrust out of the French churches by the Ultramontanes on the pretence of its being tainted with Jansenism, and the Roman Office-book, said by good judges to be much inferior as a composition, is triumphantly installed in its room.

Dr. Pusey is under the necessity, in effect, of calling upon the Roman Catholics to revise their creed, with a view to the rejection of developments posterior to the Council of Trent, in the canons of which he is ready, on his part, to acquiesce. The revision of a creed, on whatever grounds and by whatever rule, whether rational, scriptural, or historical, is an intellectual operation, and implies a previous emancipation of the mind from the authority by which the creed was imposed. The Church of Rome, as we have said, practically consists, as far as the educated classes are concerned, of the priests and the women, as any one, by entering a church in a French town, may perceive. The men are ready to revise their creed with a vengeance. It is to the priests and the women, therefore, that Dr. Pusey proposes this task of criticizing their religion, and eliminating priestly and feminine superstitions. Priests and women are invited to clear Papal infallibility out of the way, and to retrench the excessive worship of the Virgin, in order to smooth the path for an alliance between the Eternal Church of Peter and, not a Church, but a party, of the birth of which they heard but yesterday, and the members of which have been, and still are, coming over there as converts one by one. And this on the morrow of the declaration of the Immaculate Conception!

A Roman Catholic authority cited by Dr. Pusey speaks of those as the "free-thinkers" of the time who did not believe that the Holy Trinity had made Mary the dispensatrix of all that was to be bestowed on man. Another writes of the belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin as an article of faith among his people, "to doubt of which would be to doubt of all." The view of the matter suggested by these expressions ought not to move surprise. It is not only natural, but reasonable, if the name of reason can be properly used in such connexion. The follower of reason and conscience can of course afford, and upon good cause shown feels himself bound, to revise even his most cherished convictions: but the follower of authority and tradition is lost if he can be compelled to acknowledge the most trivial error. His infallible oracle, once proved to be fallible, is worthless for evermore. Prove that the Pope has erred in the matter of the Immaculate Conception: the Papal authority is at an end, and chaos will come to those whose faith is built upon that foundation.

Dr. Pusey seems inclined to insist on the distinction between the formal creed of the Roman Church and its practical system; and to represent the offensive matter as belonging to the system, not to the creed. The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin is now as much an article of the Roman Catholic creed as the Trinity. But, were it otherwise, the difference would not be of much practical importance for the purpose which Dr. Pusey has in hand; or rather he would perhaps find it harder to get priests and women to alter their devotional system than to revise their theological creed. If we were in the place of the Catholic priests we should apprehend much less of a shock in Spain from the transposition of a few affirmatives and negatives in the Canons of the Council of Trent than from an edict commanding a retrenchment of the popular devotion to the Virgin.

And who is to take the initiative on the part of the Church of Rome? Who is to call the General Council by which

the superstition of Papal infallibility is to be rooted out of the Church? Who can do it but the Pope? And this, let us once more remark, immediately after what all his priests laud in rapturous strains as the most signal and glorious exhibition of his divine power.

Dr. Pusey is sanguine enough to hope that the recent innovations in Roman doctrine having been avowedly intended to obtain divine succour under difficulties: if that succour fails to arrive, the Romans will reconsider the developments. But to be thus guided by the test of experience seems somewhat rationalistic for devotees. The Romans are surely quite as likely to conclude that they have not yet gone far enough as that they have gone too far. Father Faber has already warned them that the increase of devotion to the Virgin, to produce the desired effect, must be nothing short of immense.

If any one desires to sup full of the enormities of Mariolatry, the feast is spread for him in Dr. Pusey's learned page. We could scarcely transcribe all that is set forth here without offending the religious taste of our readers, and appearing to gloat over the degradation of a Church which, amidst all its aberrations and after all its crimes, is a part of Christendom. We may reasonably hope also that there is something to be said upon the other side. For, without casting any suspicion on Dr. Pusey's honesty, we must remember that he is personally under a strong temptation to scare the wavering members of his party from defection to the Church of Rome.

Further developments appear to Dr. Pusey to be still looming in the future. To us it appears that the practice and sentiment being what, if we accept his statements, they already are, any further development of formal doctrine would be comparatively of little importance. And this is the pervading character, this the spirit, of the Church into the arms of which truth-loving England is at once to be flung.

In the case of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, the Bishops were consulted as to the tradition of the

Church, and the Pope's decision purports to be in accordance with their "common vote." Dr. Pusey, however, shows by analysis that this statement is rather infallible than true. The Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Irish Bishops were, as might have been expected, nearly unanimous in favour of the doctrine. But of the French and Germans some were on the other side; less, however, as it appears, from love of truth and dislike of superstition than from policy, and from fear of the more enlightened people with whom they had to deal. The Bishop of Versailles hesitated "lest it should be an additional hindrance to the return of the Protestants, whom it was difficult to make believe what was already of faith in regard to the Virgin." The Bishop of Perigueux, "much as he wished it, yet, in these most difficult times, left the matter to the Pope." The Metropolitan of Gorizia and Gradisca said:—

"If the present state of all Germany, and the condition of the Austrian provinces in particular, be considered attentively, as it ought, the proposition about deciding the scholastic question as to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in such wise, that a pious belief should be transformed into an article of Faith and a Catholic dogma,—in face of, or rather over against, the Protestants, but especially over against that sect which presumes to be called German Catholic, and which strains day by day with incredible effort to extend itself more and more, and in sight of such numbers of languid Catholics, who, both in Germany and Italy, call themselves Catholic Christians, but who have, in fact, either cast off all faith in God, or have abandoned themselves to absolute religious indifferentism, in the actual state of political liberty,—seems to me a matter full of peril.—

"Under these circumstances (as far as I can see) you must direct your mind, and strive, with all the effort you can by the help of God, together with the fathers of the Society of Jesus, that the Catholic faith should by the gift of God be more and more established in that sense in which it was excellently declared and established in the Council of Trent, and that it should take deeper root in men's hearts, that, according to the Apostle, we may have "faith working by love" to life eternal; but you must abstain, at least for the present, from forming new articles of faith, and so leave the question of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin in that state, in which the Catholic Church has hitherto kept it. There

is still found in Europe a sufficient number of Catholics; but, alas! perhaps the greater part of them does not from the heart believe even the articles of faith necessary, *necessitate mediæ*, to salvation. What avails it to establish that the most Blessed Virgin Mary was conceived without spot, when it is not believed that Jesus is the Son of God!"

If "the actual state of political liberty" could be suppressed by a paternal government ruling by the sabre and taking the Church into political partnership, the view of the Metropolitan as to the expediency of adding the Immaculate Conception to the creed would apparently be changed. So that political liberty and, as it seems, religious criticism play a useful part in restraining infallibility, and preventing it from too far outrunning the truth. We shall expect a treatise on the function of the Powers of Evil in preserving Religious Truth.

The American Bishops were mute. And this again may furnish to Dr. Pusey food for reflection in regard to a country which his party regard as an anarchy, redeemed only by the presence of a branch of the Anglican Church, and of which he speaks as "desolated by universalism," and engaged in "fratricidal war." Perhaps the land of Free Churches, where Christians are not divided from each other by political as well as doctrinal barriers, may, after all, be the destined scene of the great reconciliation.

Dr. Pusey's exposure of Mariolatry, and his analysis of the process by which the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was added to the creed, lead us to make, in passing, two remarks.

In the first place, there are three Churches by which, or for which, an authority is claimed superior to reason and conscience—the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican; and no impartial judge will say that on whatever grounds—moral, historical, or æsthetic—submission can be asked, the claim of the Roman Church is the least plausible of the three. She, in fact, alone even pretends to be universal. It is to her that men who have distinctly made up their minds that submission to authority can alone give

them peace, invariably and naturally resort. Yet this Church, by the organ of her authority (for as to this it is idle to raise any cavil), has promulgated this portentous falsehood; and the reward of submission to Church authority, so far as the devout Roman Catholics are concerned, is that they are led into deadly error, with the prospect of being led into error more deadly still. What warning can be more decisive against self-prostration at the feet of any priesthood in the world? Suppose a Roman Catholic, having read Dr. Pusey's book, and being convinced by it that the authority to which he had been bowing had been convicted of teaching falsehood and therefore was no authority at all, were to forswear its dominion, and, braving excommunication and all other consequences of revolt, determine that, however outcast, however perplexed, he would at least die in the allegiance of the God of Truth—what would Dr. Pusey say was this man's spiritual position and what his spiritual doom? It is easy to suggest that had the opinion of the Bishops been taken in a more satisfactory manner, and had a better opportunity been given to the minority of expressing its convictions, the wiser counsel might have prevailed. If the decisions of General Councils themselves were to be subjected to this sort of revision by the light of history and individual reason, how much of those decisions would remain? As a matter of fact, the authority has pronounced; and Roman Catholics, even those who struggled against that decision to the last, and whose reason, we may be sure, rebels against it still, are bound, under penalty of excommunication, to accept the falsehood; and, if they are ecclesiastics, to teach it as truth.

In the second place, we have here seen with our own eyes the creation of a new dogma, which now stands on an equal footing with the whole mass of ancient dogma in the belief of by far the larger portion of sacerdotal Christendom. We are enabled to trace the whole process of generation, up to the final ratification of the figment as divine truth,

and we can say with certainty that the agencies at work were not those of reason or of the honest interpretation of Scripture, or any by the operation of which truth, in the natural sense of the term, could be produced, but the scholastic fancies of priests educated in a perverse system conspiring with the morbid emotions of uneducated women: the consummation being moreover manifestly expedited by a political crisis which made it expedient for the Papacy to animate, by some striking effort, the enthusiasm of its partisans. We have witnessed, among other things, the overwhelming advantages which, when reason has once been thrust aside, and the light of the individual conscience has once been quenched, thoroughgoing fanatics, like the Spanish and Portuguese Bishops, possess over the wavering opponents who remain half true to good sense, and who, by persisting in their opposition, open themselves to a charge of impiety, while on their part they can only whisper suggestions of prudence, which, in a matter of religious principle, are almost an impiety in themselves. And this is done in the meridian light of modern criticism, and under the keen gaze of a sceptical world. What are the chances that the same thing did not take place in ages wholly uncritical, and when there were no sceptical bystanders, such as those of whom the Metropolitan of Gradiaca stands in wholesome awe, to scrutinize the process by which dogmas were created? What are the chances that, in denouncing eternal condemnation against all who do not accept every statement in the Athanasian Creed, we are not obeying influences as little entitled to spiritual deference as those which carried the dogma of the Immaculate Conception?

Dr. Pusey's treatment of Papal infallibility is as unsparing and effective as his treatment of Mariolatry. If his Holiness should read the dissertation, he will certainly pray against the precious balm of the peacemaker which breaks his head. From being the Primate of Christendom and the unerring depository of tradition, the Pope has become the

living organ of new revelations, as though St. Peter or St. John were living on the earth. The sphere of his infallibility has been extended from religious questions, in the proper sense of the term, to such matters as the moral tendency of liberty of opinion and worship, and the necessity of the temporal dominions to the spiritual functions of the Holy See. As we said before, Dr. Pusey endorses the expression, "Llamanism," as applied to the Roman theologians, who are meditating a "quasi-hypostatic union" of the Holy Ghost with each successive Pope. A quasi-hypostatic union of the Holy Ghost with Alexander Borgia and Julius II.!

Dr. Pusey's argument both against Mariolatry and Papal Infallibility appeals to principles essentially Rationalistic, which are capable, as we conceive, of being turned with fatal effect against himself.

On the part of the Church of England Dr. Pusey offers, in effect, so to explain our formularies, that, with the help of a certain amount of explanation on the other side, they shall be consistent with the whole doctrinal system of Rome, as defined by the Council of Trent, including Transubstantiation, the Mass, the Seven Sacraments, Purgatory, Indulgences, Invocation of Saints, and, as a matter of course, the absolute submission of conscience to the authority of the priesthood assuming the name of the Church. On the last point, indeed, he states his principles with a breadth which would leave the strongest Ultramontanist nothing to desire.

It is needless to go through the details of this process of diplomatic interpretation, into the morality of which, to say nothing of its reasonableness, no one can enter who has not attained the writer's exact frame of mind, and arrived at his exact point of view. We will only venture to remind Dr. Pusey, in reference to Transubstantiation, that the Church of England, in the note at the end of the Communion Service, formally explains the kneeling posture, and warns the people that no adoration is thereby intended to the Sacramental Bread and

Wine or any corporal presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood, declaring that such adoration would be "*Idolatry*, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians." If there is a way of reconciling this with Transubstantiation, it must be such a way as we should think none but a Jesuit could take. It is enough, however, to say that we are landed historically in the conclusion that no change took place in the religion of England at the Reformation; that Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley suffered martyrdom for nothing; that Pole was entirely mistaken in supposing that a counter-revolution had taken place at the accession of Mary; and that the Armada sailed to extirpate a faith which, in all material points, was identical with that of Philip II. "The English Catholics' view," says a Romanizing periodical, in an enthusiastic review of Dr. Pusey's book, "is that no vital change, no important change even, passed over the Church of England at the time of the Reformation, except the misunderstanding with the Court of Rome." This view may, in theology, be "Catholic;" what it would be in history we need not say. We shall be guilty of a platitude, we know, yet we cannot help asking those who make such statements, being evidently half-conscious, at least, of their real character, whether they think that untruth is likely to lead the world into truth?

The practical question is, whether the Romanizing party are powerful enough, whether they have hold enough on the body of the people and the ruling intellect of the country, to undo the Reformation. And our readers are just as well qualified as we are to say whether such is the case, or whether the idea is an ecclesiastical dream of the diocese of Oxford.

Even in his own section of the Church Dr. Pusey would perhaps have more difficulty than he imagines in adjusting the terms of re-annexation to Rome.

He glides smoothly over the question of Papal jurisdiction; but, judging from historical experience, he would find the English Bishops tenacious of their local

autocracy, which they call the freedom of the Church, though the people, if they are to put their necks again under the sacerdotal yoke at all, would do well to re-invest the Papacy with dictatorial powers, and take refuge from the petty, active, ever-present despotism of the Bishop in the ample, distant, and, when not alarmed or irritated, indolent tyranny of Rome. And, again, he scarcely touches on the celibacy of the clergy. We are quite aware that the celibacy of the Roman clergy is nominally a matter of discipline, not an article of faith. Really, however, it places a great gulf between them and a married clergy, as we presume the Anglicans, in spite of their austerities of dress and demeanour, intend still to be. A devout Roman Catholic, if he were asked to receive the Sacrament from the hands of a married priest, would feel a thrill of aversion, which, when the pretensions of the priestly character are considered, it is not difficult to understand.

It is a necessity of Dr. Pusey's case to assume that his party is, and always has been, the Church of England. But he does this at great disadvantage in face of such an antagonist as Dr. Manning. *Othoni nuper Anglicano et eadem facienti*. Dr. Manning knows the inside of Dr. Pusey's position. He knows that in the Church of England there have twice been Romanizing movements, the movement on each occasion having been manifestly produced by Roman influences, and marked by numerous conversions to Rome; but that otherwise her history has been that of a Protestant Church, the headship of which is expressly confined by law to a Protestant, and which sent representatives to the Protestant Synod of Dort. When he is told that the section opposed to Dr. Pusey are mere "exotics," which excite curiosity only by their strangeness, he can personally recall the time when Dr. Pusey's party were "exotics," at least as strange to the eyes of English Churchmen as those which have just been duly acclimatised by the Privy Council. Living in the midst of us, and watching our ecclesiastical concerns,

he can scarcely fail to be aware that, even now, copes and chasubles, Roman Hours, genuflexions, and "celebrations," are not perfectly familiar to English eyes, and that the spiritual director has not yet become perfectly naturalized in the English home. If he has read what most of the world has read, he will be able to say that Monasticism too is an "exotic," which, being unregulated by the rules which check individual caprice in its native country, grows as yet rather grotesquely in the alien soil. He will pay little respect to the pretence that Dr. Pusey's party are the only lawful possessors of the Church of England, knowing well, as he does, that the people whom they affect to regard as "portents" have been pronounced by the supreme legal authority to have as good a standing-ground in the Church as they.

He will scarcely succumb to the proofs of the divine character of Anglicanism, derived by Dr. Pusey from its "marvellous" existence through three centuries, without pointing out that during the whole period it has been supported, not only by spiritual vitality, but by political power. He will remind Dr. Pusey of Bancroft and his colleagues, prostrate at the feet of James I., of Laud in the antechamber of Buckingham; of the Bishops of the Restoration hunting down their opponents in England, and dragooning the Scotch Covenanters under the religious aegis of Charles II.; of the High Church clergy in the reign of Anne, headed in their policy of persecution by Bolingbroke; perhaps even of a more recent scene, when a politician, not supposed to be the most austere of the day, was brought down to Oxford by the leader of the High Church party to figure as the chosen champion of orthodoxy, and, in the course of a slashing invective against heretics, lapsed into a profane allusion to the most cherished of all the doctrines which he had been engaged to defend,—a doctrine which Dr. Pusey seems to have bound himself by a vow to preach in season and out of season, till he fills the minds of all men with disgust, and on which he drags in, in these very

pages, a piece of religious philosophy, among the strangest we have ever seen. "And all this with no human aid, with 'no power except the presence of God 'the Holy Ghost—'" Dr. Manning will suggest that such a description as this of the means by which his opponent's opinions have been supported requires qualification, if, in religious inquiry, any measure is to be kept with historical fact.

As to the existence of the Anglican Church without the protection of the State in America, Dr. Manning may say in the first place that she has found it necessary to drop the Athanasian Creed, and to admit into her government a lay element, which is, in fact, fatal to the ascendancy of a priesthood, and keeps High Church doctrine and ritualism down to a very low point, compared with that which they have reached here: and in the second place, that, though not protected by the State, she is greatly protected, as the most genteel form of worship, by the rich and fashionable classes, to whose tendencies she accommodated herself in the matter of slavery, with almost as much fidelity as European Churches protected by political power have accommodated themselves to the tendencies of the power by which they are protected. That witnesses have been found to attest "how 'before this fratricidal war, the Church 'of England was regarded by many 'as the one principle of stability in 'the United States,' we can easily believe; but as to the 'independence' of the witnesses, we should beg leave to reserve our judgment till we know who they were. Among the body of the American people Anglicanism has, we believe we may say with confidence, very little root.

The Church of England both in England and America has produced many good Christians and given many proofs of religious life. She has doubtless, in the great disruption, preserved, against the day of reconciliation, her portion of the truth. And it is evident that she has in her something, which, quite independently of her poli-

tical position, attracts a certain class of religious minds. The time will come when, not through ecclesiastical diplomacy, but by a different process, she will merge again into Christendom. Meantime she is good enough, to say the least, for any ordinary Christian. She possesses, indeed, one special attraction in both countries, of which Dr. Pusey would speedily deprive her, as the Church which practically allows most liberty of belief and action to conforming members. But to pretend that she ought to satisfy the reason and conscience of a religious inquirer because she has existed, as a political Church, for three centuries, would be the sort of reasoning which people allow themselves in theology, and in no other subject. The Mahometan Church has existed by the aid of political power not for three centuries but for twelve.

But a class of evidences still remains, the most tremendous and conclusive of all, if the facts are true. Dr. Pusey shall state them in his own way.

"You remember how our dear friend J. H. Newman was impressed by God's visible and very awful judgment upon a sacrilegious Communion. It was no insulated instance. Our Lord bore witness to His own Presence, by judging the sacrilegious communicant, and leaving him in the power of Satan, who drove him to self-murder in the precincts of the Church, where he had profaned the Body and Blood of Christ. Prejudiced as juries are, the jury, awed by the case, pronounced 'felo-de-se.' On the other hand, the effects of devout communion have passed over to the body too. I have known too the evil fruit of sacrilegious confessions, very different from those of an ordinary lie."

We, too, can boast of our La Salette. But the adversary will be able to remark, that of all this cloud of miracles there is only one which emerges from the entirely nebulous state, and presents itself for examination as a tangible fact. And to this one the sole attesting witness is Dr. J. H. Newman, who has overturned his own testimony by leaving the Church of England for the Church of Rome.

It would not be surprising if Dr. Manning were to treat with great disregard Dr. Pusey's whole theory of the

present state of the ecclesiastical world. Dr. Pusey assumes that the authority of the infallible Church still metaphysically exists, but that its actual existence is suspended by the division of its organ the Episcopate into three segments, each of which refuses connexion with the other two, and taxes them with religious error. Dr. Manning would, we presume, reply that an authority thus divided, and thus self-contradicting, would not be suspended but extinct; that, to souls anxious for guidance, it would be no authority at all. "The authority," he will say, "which all the faithful need for their guidance is, happily for mankind, not only in a state of metaphysical but of actual and visible existence: it resides in the undivided and universal Church of which I am an Archbishop, and its undoubted organ is the Pope." If the Anglican Church is not heretical, the other Churches which refuse communion with her are in a state of schism; the authority remains undivided in her, and she may call a Council, by the decrees of which all consciences will be bound. This may seem staggering to reason, but we are dealing with questions of which reason is not the rule.

We had almost forgotten the case of the Greek Church. It must be a tremendous bursting of most antiquated ceremonies that would enable that Church to stretch out its arms to any other community whatever. The attempt to re-

store communion with it was made some years ago by an Anglican clergyman, who of all men was, by character and genius, most fitted to succeed in the task, and who was led by his idiosyncracies to represent the Church of England, with perfect honesty, as much nearer to the Greek Church in her doctrine and system than, as a whole, she really was. He failed, and is now a member of the Church of Rome.

In concluding, we must emphatically repeat that it is not a proposed reconciliation between three Christian Churches that we view with suspicion, and which we rejoice to regard as for the present out of the question. It is a league between three great political establishments, all of them infected and the two largest intensely animated by the spirit of persecution. At a distant day, perhaps, but one which is not hopelessly distant, freedom, charity, and the revival of a genuine faith will bring to pass a real and universal reconciliation. Those repeated attempts at reunion, of the perpetual renewal of which by the sympathies of Christianity hidden under the divided Churches, Mr. Ffoulkes speaks in the touching conclusion of his "Divisions of Christendom," will take effect at last. But the reunion will not be based upon the principles of the Encyclical, nor will it be for the purpose of concentrating forces against a Christian foe.

CRADDOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE following day was Saturday, and the young fellow spent great part of it in learning the rules, the tables, and statistics of the coal trade, so far as they could be ascertained from a sixpenny work which he bought. Not satisfied with this, he went to the Geological

Museum, in Jermyn Street, and pored over the specimens, and laid in a stock of carbonic knowledge that would have astonished Clinkers and Jenny. When the building was closed at four o'clock he hurried back to Mortimer Street, paid Mrs. Ducksacre for his week's lodgings, and ran off to a pawnbroker's to raise a little money. Without doing

this, he would not be able to deposit the twenty guineas. Mr. Gill's shopman knew Craddock well, from his having been there frequently to redeem some trifling articles for the poor people of the court, and felt some goodwill towards him for his kindness to the little customers. It increased the activity of his trade, for most of the pledges were repledged or ever the week was out. And of course he got the money for issuing another duplicate.

"Hope there's nothing amiss, Mr. Newman," said the pawnbroker's assistant; "sorry to see you come here, sir, on your own account."

"Oh, you ought to congratulate me," returned Craddock, with a knowing smile: "I am going to pay a premium, and enter into a good position upon advantageous terms; very advantageous, I may say, seeing how little I know of the coal-trade."

"Take care, sir, take care, I beg of you. People run down our line of business, and call it coining tears, &c.; but you may take my word for it, there is a deal more roguery in the coal-trade, or rather in the pretence of it, than ever there is in the broking way."

"There can be none in the present case, for the simple reason that I am not in any way committed to a partnership, neither am I to be at all dependent upon the profits." And Craddock looked thankful for advice, but a deal too wise to want it.

"Well, sir, I hope it may be all right; for I am sure you deserve it. But there is a man, not far from here, I think you took some things out for him, by the name of Zakey Jupp; a shrewd sort of fellow, though a deal too fond of fighting. He'll be up to some of the coal-tricks, I expect, he's about in the yards so much; and the whippers and heavers are good uns to talk. Don't you think it beneath you, sir, to consult with Zakey Jupp, if you have the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"I am proud to say that I have at last," replied Craddock, smiling grimly; "but he went on board the *Industrious Maiden*, at Nine Elms, yesterday morn-

ing, and may not be back for a month. He wanted me to go with him; but I did not see how to be useful, and had not given my landlady notice. Now, if you please, I have not a moment to spare."

The shopman saw that he could not, without being really impertinent, press his advice any further; and, although Craddock was so communicative, as young men are apt to be, especially about their successes, he never afforded much temptation to any one for impertinence. "And how much upon them little articles?" was the next question put to Craddock; and he did not ask any very high figure, for fear of not getting them out again.

As he set off full speed for Aurea Themis Buildings, without inviting Wena, it struck him that it would be but common prudence just to look at the place of business; so he dashed aside out of Oxford Street, at the rate of ten miles an hour—for he was very light of foot—and made his way to Howard Crescent, whose position he had learned from the map. Sure enough there it was, when he got to the number indicated. And what a noble plate! So large indeed that it was absolutely necessary to have it in two parts. What refulgent brass! What fine engraving, especially on the lower part! You might call it chalcograph, chromography, chromometallurgy; I do not know any word half grand enough to describe it. And the legend itself so simple, how could they have made so much of it? The upper plate, though beautifully bright, was comparatively plain, and only carried the words, "Wibraham, Fookes, & Co.;" the lower and far more elaborate part enabled the public to congratulate itself upon having the above as "Coal-merchants and Colliery Agents to Her Most Gracious Majesty, and the Duchy of Lancaster. Hours of business from ten till four." Craddock just took time to read this, by the light of the gas-lamp close to it; then glanced at the house (which looked clean and smart, though smaller than what he expected), and, feeling ashamed of his mean suspiciousness, darted away

towards Notting Hill. When he arrived at Aurea Themis Buildings, he was kept waiting at the door so long that it made him quite uneasy, lest Hearty Wibraham should have forgotten all about his little deposit. At last the smart girl opened the door, and a short young man, whose dress more than whispered that he was not given to compromise his æsthetic views, came out with a bounce, and clapped a shilling in the hand of the smiling damsel. "There, Polly, get a peach-coloured cap-ribbon, and wear it in a true knot for my sake. I fancy I've done your governor. He's a trifle green; isn't he?" But, in spite of his conversational powers, the handmaid dismissed him summarily, when she saw Craddock waiting there.

The gas in the drawing-room was lit this time, and a good fire burning; and Mr. Wibraham, in spirits absolutely jocular, sprang forward to meet Craddock, and cried, "Hail, oh future partner!" Then he offered him a glass of "rare old Madeira;" and, producing a blank receipt form, exclaimed, "Whatever you do, my young friend, never let it be known in the counting-house that I accepted you with so ridiculous a deposit as the sum of thirty guineas."

"Twenty, sir, twenty was what you agreed to accept." Poor Craddock trembled from head to foot, lest even now at the last moment he should be rejected. But, to his delight, his new principal replied,

"Then, sir, twenty be it: if in a weak moment I agreed. Hearty Wibraham would rather throw up all his connexion than allow any man to say of him, sir, that he had departed from his word." His voice trembled slightly, and there was a twinkle as of tears in his eyes. Crad began to apologise, though he could not quite see what harm he had done.

"Dash it, my boy, not another word. We understand each other. There is your receipt."

In his confidence, Hearty Wibraham passed the receipt form, now filled up, to the aspiring coal-merchant, without having seen so much as the colour of

his money. Then Craddock pulled out Amy's purse, in which he had put the cash, for good luck, and paid his footing bravely.

"Sir, I will not thank you," said Mr. Wibraham, as he took the money, "because the act would not be genuine. And I am proudly able to declare that I have never yet done anything, even for the sake of the common courtesies of life, which has not been thoroughly genuine. My boy, this paltry twenty guineas is the opening of your mercantile life. May that life be prosperous; as I am sure you deserve."

Craddock took another glass of Madeira, as genuine as its owner, and, after a hearty farewell, felt so rapidly on the rise, so touched, for the first time of many weeks, by the dexter wand of fortune, that he bought a quarter of an ounce of birds'eye with an infusion of "Latakia" (grown in the footpath field at Mitcham), and actually warmed his dear brother's pipe, which had not once been incriminated ever since the sacred fire of the Prytanæum had languished. Wena was overjoyed to see him, and she loved the smell of tobacco, and had often come sniffing about on the hearth-rug (or the bit of baize that did for it) to know whether it was true that a big man—a mastiff of a man, they told her—had succeeded in abolishing it; now, seeing the blue curls quivering nicely, she jumped upon his lap; and, although she was rather heavy, he thought it would be practice towards the nursing of Amy, and possibly Amy's children. Then, when he thought of that, he grew more happy than fifty emperors. Fortune may jump on a young fellow's heart, with both heels set together; but, the moment she takes one off, up it comes, like a bladder too big to go into the foot-ball.

On Monday morning at ten o'clock, our Crad, in a state of large excitement, appeared before the gorgeous plate, and rang the bell thereover. It was answered by an office-boy, with a grin so intensely humorous that it was worth all the guineas that could have been thrust into the great mouth he exhibited.

"Mr. Newman?" asked the boy, with a patronising air, which a little mind would have found offensive.

"To be sure," replied Cradock; "I suppose I am expected."

"That you are," said the cheeky boy, grinning harder than ever; "the other three gents is waiting, sir. Get you a penny paper for three half-pence."

"Thank you," answered Cradock, hoping to depress that boy, "I am not come here, young man, I trust, to waste time in reading the papers."

"Oh no! oh lor no," cried the boy as he led the way in; "tip-top business this is, and all of us wears out our marrow-bones. His Ro-oyal Highness will be here bumbye. 'Spect they'll appoint you to receive him, 'cos you would look such a swell with our governor's best boots on. Don't you refoose now, mind me, don't refoose, mate, if you loves me."

"You want a little whipcord," said Cradock; "and you shall have it too, my boy, if you come much into my neighbourhood."

"There now; there now!" sighed the boy—who would have been worth something on the stage—"I have never been appreciated, and suppose I never shall. What's the odds to a jinker? Cockalocks, there go in, and let me mind your beaver."

Cradock was shown into a room furnished as philosophically as the wash-house of Cincinnatus; still, it looked like business. There was no temptation to sit down, even though one had rowing-trousers on. There were four tall desks of deal uncovered; each had four legs, and resembled a naked Punch-and-Judy box. Hales, the Norfolk giant, could not have written at either of them, while sitting on any of the stools there. Three of these desks were appropriated by three very nice young gentlemen, all burning to begin their labours. Two of the men were unknown to Cradock; but the third, the very short one, who had taken a stool to stand upon, and was mending a pen most earnestly—him Cradock recognised at once as the dis-burser of the shilling, the sanguine

youth, of broad views in apparel, who had cheated Mr. Wibraham so.

"Mr. Fookes, I presume," he exclaimed, with a leap from the stool, and a little run towards Cradock; "you see we are all ready, sir, to receive the junior partner. Hardly know what to be up to."

"I am sure I cannot tell you," answered Crad, with a smile; "I do not belong to the firm as yet, although I am promised a partnership at a date not very distant."

"So am I," said the little man, staring; "indeed, I came up from Cambridge principally upon the strength of it."

"The deevil you did!" cried a tall, strapping fellow, crossing suddenly from his desk; "if ye'll hearken me, my time comes first. The agraument was signed for Candlemas, when the gloot of business allows it. And a Durham man knows what coals are."

"Agrayment, thin, is it?" exclaimed the fourth, a flourishing, red-haired Irishman; "do you think I'd a left me Ooniversity, Thrinity College, Dooblin, wi'out having it down all black and white? By the same token, it's meself as is foremost. Christmas is the time, me boys; and the first dividend on St. Patrick's day, wakely sthipend in the intherim. Divil take me sow! but none o' ye shall git before Manus O'Toole."

"Gentlemen," said Cradock, "don't let us be in a hurry. No doubt Mr. Fookes will be here presently, and then we can settle precedence. I see there is work set out for us; and I suppose we are not all strangers here."

"Can't answer for the other gentlemen," returned the little Cambridge man, "but I was never here before, except to see the place on Saturday."

"And that's joost my own predeecament," cried the tall man from Hatfield Hall.

"Chop me up smar!," said the Irishman, when they turned to him as their senior, "but the gentleman has the advantage o' me. I never was here at all, at all; and I hope I niver shall be."

The four young men gathered round a desk, and gazed sadly at one another. At this moment the office-boy, seeing the distance safe, for he had been watching through the keyhole, pushed his head in at the door, and shouted, "Hi! there, young coal-merchants, don't yer sell too much now! Telegram from the Exchange, gents; grimy is on the rise. But excoose me half an hour, gents; Her Majesty have commanded my presence, to put the ro-oyal harms on me. Ho-hoop! I'm after you, Molly. Don't be afraid of my splashing your legs, dear."

"Well," said Cradock, as the rising young coal-merchants seemed to look to him for counsel, and stood in silent bewilderment—"it appears to me that there is something wrong. Let us hope that it is a mistake only; at any rate, let us stop, and see the matter out. I trust that none of you gentlemen have paid a premium, as I have."

"I am sure I don't know," said the Cantab, "what the others have done; but I was allowed to enter the firm for the sum of eighty guineas, a great deal too little, considering all the advantages offered—the proper sum being a hundred; but an abatement was made in my favour."

"Ahty guineas!" cried the Durham man; "why I was admeeted for sixty, because I had no more."

"It's me blessed self, then, as bates you all," shouted the son of Dublin; "shure and I've made a clear sixty by it, for I hadn't no more than forty."

"And I," replied Cradock, with a melancholy air, "was received for the trifling sum of twenty, on account of my being an Oxford man."

"Why, gentlemen," said the little Cantab, "let us shake hands all round. We represent the four chief universities, only Scotland being omitted."

"Catch a Scotchman with salt, me frinds!" cried the red Hibernian, as they went through the ceremony. "By Jasers, but that infarnal old Jew would have had to pay the porridge-man, for the plasure of his company."

"Now let us fall to our work, gentle-

men" (Crad tried to look hopeful as he said it); "the books before us may throw some light upon this strange, and apparently most mysterious matter. I was told to act for our principal, during the absence of the sleeping partner; to keep you all in your places, and make you stick to your work; and especially to remember that one ounce of practice is worth a pound of precept."

"I should be most happy, sir, to obey orders," said the little Cambridge man, bowing; "only I hold the identical commission, ounce of practice and all, for your benefit, my good sir, and that of all the other juniors."

"Now that shows a want of vareaty," cried the tall Dunelmian, "for the sole charge of all of ye is commetted to me."

"It's me blissed self that got it last, and that manes to kape it. What time wur you there, gentlemen, at Ory Tham's Buildings?"

It was settled that the Irishman had received his commission last, for, some whisky having been produced, he and Hearty Wibraham had kept it up until twelve o'clock on the Saturday night. So, to his intense delight, he was now appointed captain.

"An' if I don't drag him from his hole, to pay him the sixty guineas I owe him, out of your money, gentlemen, say my name isn't Manus O'Toole. Now the fust arder I give, is to have in the bhoy, and wallop him."

Easier said than done, Mr. Toole. There was no boy to be found anywhere; and the only result of a strong demonstration in the passage was a curt note from the landlord.

"GENTLEMEN,—I understood as I had lett my rooms to a respectable party, rent payable weakly, and weak is up this day. Will take it a favuor to reseeve two pound ten per bearer. JOHN CODGER."

The four university men looked wondrously blank at this—"gelidusque per ima cucurrit ossa tremor."

"Well, I *am* blowed!" cried the little Cantab, getting smaller, and with

the sky-blue stripes on his trousers quivering.

"There's a cousin of mine, a solecitor," said the young north countryman, "would take up this case for us, if we made a joint deposite."

"Have down the landlord and fight him," proposed the Emerald Islander.

"I don't care a fig for the landlord," said Cradock, who now recalled some shavings of law from the Quarter Sessions spokeshave; "he can do nothing at all to us, until twelve o'clock, and then he can send us about our business, and no more harm done. We were not parties to the original contract, and have nothing to do with the rent. Now, gentlemen, there is only one thing I would ask you, in return for my lucid legal opinion."

"What is that?" cried all the rest; "whatever it is you shall have it."

"That you make over to me, *vivá voce*, your three-fourths of the brass-plate. I have taken a strange fancy to it; the engraving is so fine."

"You are perfectly welcome to it," exclaimed the other three; "but won't it belong to the landlord?"

"Not if it is merely screwed on, as probably is the case. And I have a screw-driver in my knife, which very few screws can resist."

"Then go and take it, by all means, before twelve o'clock, for afterwards we shall only be trespassers."

Crad put his hat on and went out, but returned with the wonderful screw-driver snapped up into his knife-handle, and the first flush of real British anger yet seen upon his countenance. What wonderful beings we are! He had lost nearly all his substance, and he was vexed most about the brass-plate.

"Done at every point," he said; "that glorious under-plate is gone, and only the narrow bar left with the name of the thief upon it, which of course would not suit him again."

"Oysters all round!" cried the Cambridge man, "as the landlord cannot distrain us. An oyster is a legal esculent; I see they teach law at Oxford; let us at least die jolly. And I claim

the privilege of standing oysters, because I have paid the highest premium, and am the most promising partner—at any rate, the softest fellow. Gentlemen, if you refuse me, I claim our captain's decision. Captain O'Toole, how is it?"

"Arrah, thin, and I order eysters at this gentleman's expinse, London stout for the waker stomiks, and a drop o' poteen for digestion, to them as are wakest of all."

"Done," said the little Cantab, "if only to rile the landlord, and he may distrain the shells. Call four university men, by implication, unrespectable parties! We must have our action against him. Gentlemen, I am off for the grub, and see that I get in again."

"Faix, then, my honey," cried the Irishman, forgetting all university language, "and, if ye don't, 'twill be a quare job for the warts on the knuckles of Manus O'Toole."

While all four were enjoying their oysters—for Cradock, being a good-natured fellow, did not withhold his assistance—a sharp rap-rap announced the postman, and Mr. O'Toole returned from the door with a large square letter, sealed with the coat of arms of the company. "Ship-letther, and eightpence to pay, begorra. Gentlemen, will we take it?"

"How is it addressed?" asked two or three.

"Most gintaal. 'To the sanior clerk or junior partner of the firm of Wibraham, Fookes, & Co., Coal-merchants,' and that's meself, if it's nobody."

"Then it's you to pay the eightpence," cried the Durham man.

"Do yer think, then, it's me who can't do it?" answered Mr. O'Toole, angrily. And then he broke open the letter and read—

"P. & O. steamer *Will o' the Wisp*, off the Start Point.—*Sunday*.

"RESPECTED AND BELOVED PARTNERS: His Royal Highness the Pasha of Egypt, having resolved to light with gas the interior of the Pyramids, also to provide hot-water bottles for the comfort of his household-brigade, principally female,

and to erect extensive gas-cooking premises, where hot crocodile may always be had, has entrusted me with the whole arrangements, and the entire supply of coal, with no restriction except that the Nile shall not be set on fire. Interested as you are in the success of our noble firm, you will thank, instead of blaming me, for an apparently unceremonious departure. By an extraordinary coincidence, Mr. Fookes has also been summoned peremptorily to Constantinople, to contract with the Sultan for warming the sacks of the ladies who are, from time to time, deposited in the Bosphorus. Therefore, gentlemen, the entire interest of the London branch is left in your experienced hands. Be steady, I entreat you ; be diligent, be methodical. Above all things, remember that rigid probity, and the strictest punctuality in meeting payments, are the *very soul of business*, and that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of precept. But I have the purest confidence in you. I need not appeal to the honour of four university-men. From my childhood upward, I have admired those admirable institutions, and the knowledge of life imparted by them. 'Quid leges sine moribus ?' Excuse me ; it is all the Latin I know. There is a raw Irishman among you, rather of the physical order ; if he is violent, expel him. Every gentleman will be entitled to his own deal desk, upon discharge of the bill, which he will find made out in his name, in the drawer thereof. And now farewell. I have been prolix, in the endeavour to be precise. There are no funds in hand for the London branch, but our credit is unbounded. Push our united interests, for I trust you to the last farthing. I hope to find you with coffers full, and commercial honour untainted, on the 31st of February prox.

"Believe me, Gentlemen, ever your affectionate partner,

"HEARTY WIBRAHAM, D.C.L.

"P.S.—If none of my partners know the way to enter an order, the office-boy will instruct the manager of the firm.
—H. W."

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"Consummate scoundrel !" exclaimed the little Cantab, with the beard of an oyster in his throat.

"Detestable heepocrite !" cried the representative of Durham.

"Raw Irishman ! Oh then the powers ! And the punch of the head I never giv' him, a week will be next Saturday." Mr. O'Toole danced round the room, caught up the desks like dolls, and dashed all their noses together. Then he summoned the landlord, and pelted him out of the room and up the stairs with oyster-shells, the books, and the whisky-bottle, and two pewter pots after his legs, as he luckily got round the landing-place. The terrified man, and his wife worse frightened, locked themselves in, and then threw up a window and bawled out for the police.

Cradock, feeling ashamed of the uproar, seized O'Toole by the collar ; and the Durham man, being sedate and steady, grasped him on the other side. So they lifted him off the ground, and bore him even into Hyde Park, and there they left him upon a bench, and each went his several way. The police, according to precedent, were in time to be too late.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CRADOCK NOWELL shivered hard, partly from his cold, and partly at the thought of the bitter life before him. He had Amy's five and sixpence left, an immutable peculium. In currency his means were limited to exactly four and ninepence. With the accuracy of an upright man (even in the smallest matters), he had forced upon Mr. O'Toole his twopence, the quaternary of that letter. Also he had insisted upon standing stout, when thirst increased with oysters. Now he took the shillings four, having lost all faith in his destiny, and put one in each of his waistcoat pockets ; for he had little horse-shoes upwards, as well as the straight chinks below. This being done, he disposed of his ninepence with as tight a view to security.

All that day, he wandered about,

and regretted Issachar Jupp. Towards nightfall, he passed a railway terminus, miserably lighted, a disgrace to any style of architecture, teeming with insolent clerks almost too grand to take money. Let us call it the "Grand Junction Wasting and Screwing Line;" because among railway companies the name is generally applicable.

In a window, never cleaned since the prorogation of Parliament, the following "Notice" tried to appear; and, if you rubbed the glass, you might read it.

"Wanted immediately a smart active young man, of good education. His duties will not be onerous. Wages one pound per week. Uniform allowed. Apply to Mr. Killquick, next door to the booking-office."

Craddock read this three times over, for his wits were dull now, and then he turned round, and felt whether all his money was safe. Yes, every blessed half-penny, for he had eaten nothing since the oysters.

"Surely I am an active young man, of good education," said Crad to himself, "although not very smart, perhaps, especially as to my boots; but a suit, all uniform, allowed, will cure my only deficiency. I could live and keep Wena comfortably upon a pound a week. I hope, however, that they cash up. Railway companies have no honour, I know; but I suppose they pay when they can't help it."

Having meditated with himself thus much, he went, growing excited on the way—for now he was no philosopher—to the indicated whereabouts of that line's factotum, Mr. Killquick. Here he had to wait very nearly an hour, Mr. Killquick being engaged, as usual, in the company's most active department, arranging very effectually for a collision down the line. "Successfully," I would have said; but, though the accident came off quite according to the most sanguine, or sanguinary expectation, the result was a slur on that company's fame; only three people being killed, and five-and-twenty wounded.

"Now, young man," asked Mr. Killquick, when all his instructions were on

the wires, "what is your business with me?"

Craddock having stated his purpose, name, and qualifications, the traffic-manager looked at him with interest and reflection. Then he said impressively, "You can jump well, I should think?"

"I have never yet been beaten," Crad answered, "but of course there are many who *can* beat me."

"And run, no doubt? And your sight is accurate, and your nerves very good?"

"My nerves are not what they were, sir; but I can run fast, and see well."

"Why do you shiver so? That will never do. And the muscles of his calf are too prominent. We lost No. 6 through that."

"It is only a little cold I have caught. It will go off in a moment with regular work."

"You have no relation, I suppose, in any way connected with the law? No friends, I mean, of litigious tendencies?"

"Oh no. I have no friends whatever; none I mean in London, only one family, far in the country, to care at all about me."

"No father or mother to make a fuss, eh? No wife to prevent your attending to business?"

"No, sir, nothing of the sort. I am quite alone in the world; and my life is of no importance."

"Wonderful luck," muttered Mr. Killquick; "exactly the very thing for us! And I have been so put out about that place, it has got such a reputation. Poor Morshead cannot get through the work any longer by himself. And the coroner made such nasty remarks. If we kill another man there before Easter, the *Times* will be sure to get hold of it. Young man," he continued in a louder tone, "you are in luck this time, I believe. It is a very snug situation; only you must look sharp after your legs, and be sure you never touch spirits. Not given to blue ruin, I hope?"

"Oh, no. I never touch it."

"That's right. I was afraid you did, you look so down in the mouth. You can give us a reference, I suppose?"

"Yes, to my landlady, Mrs. Ducks-acre, a most respectable person, in trade in Mortimer Street."

"Good," replied Mr. Killquick; "you mustn't be alarmed, by the way, by any foolish rumours you may hear as to dangers purely imaginary. Your predecessor lost his life through the very grossest carelessness. You are as safe there as in your bed, unless your nerves happen to fail you. And, when that is the case, I should like to know," asked the traffic-manager indignantly, "which of us is not in danger, even in coming down stairs?"

"What will my duties be, then?" asked Cradock, with some surprise.

"Why, you are not afraid, are you?" Mr. Killquick looked at him contemptuously.

"No, I should rather hope not," replied Cradock, meeting him eye to eye, so that the wholesale smasher quailed at him; "there is no duty, even in a powder-mill, which I would shrink from now."

"Ah, terrible things, those powder-mills! A perfect disgrace to this age and country, their wanton waste of human life. How the Legislature lets them go on so, is more than I can conceive. Why, they think no more of murdering and maiming a dozen people——"

"Please, sir," cried one of the clerks, coming down from the telegraph office, "no end of a collision on the Slayham and Bury Branch. Three passengers killed, and twenty-five wounded, some of them exceedingly fatally."

"Bless my heart if I didn't expect it. Told Sykes it would be so. How's the engine, Jemmy?"

"She's all right, sir; jumped over three carriages, and went a header into a sand-hill. Driver cased in glass from vitrification of the sand. Stoker took the hot water—a thing he ain't much accustomed to."

"No! What a capital joke. Hell-fire-Jack (I can swear it was him) preserved in a glass case from the results of his own imprudence! I shall be up with you in five minutes, James. Be quite ready to begin."

"Now," said Mr. Killquick, drawing out his cigar-case, "I have little more to say to you, young man, except that you can begin at eight o'clock to-morrow morning. We will dispense with the references, for I have the utmost confidence in you, and you will be searched very carefully every time you come out of the gate—which you never will be allowed to do, except when your spell is over, and your mate is in. You will go at once to our outfitters, and, upon presenting this ticket, they will fit you up, as tightly as possible, with your regimentals. And see that you don't take boots, but the very best shoes for jumping in. What they call 'Oxford shoes' are best, when tied tight over the instep, and not too thick in the sole. No nails, mind, for fear of slipping upon the flange. Good-bye, my boy; be very careful. By the bye, you say you don't value your life?"

"Very little indeed," said Cradock, "except just for one reason."

"Then now you must add another reason; you must value it for our sake. The Company can't have another inquest for at least six months. I mean, of course, *by the same coroner*. Confound that fellow; he will not take a right view of things. At eight o'clock to-morrow morning you will be at the gate of the Cramjam goods station. The clerk there will have his orders about you. He will supply you with a book, and map out for you your duties. Also Morshead, your mate, an invaluable man, will show you the practical part of it. Now good-bye, my lad. Remember you never wear any except your official dress. We allow you two suits in the twelvemonth. Your duties will be of a refined character, and the exercise exhilarating. I trust to receive a good report of you; and I hope, my boy, that you are at peace, both-with God and man."

Even Mr. Killquick had been touched a little by Cradock's air of uncomplaining sorrow, and the stamp of high mind and good breeding.

"Very foolish of me," he muttered, as he lit his cigar, and went up to

telegraph to the Slayham station-master. "Commit yourself to nothing; observe the strictest economy; and no bonfires of the splinter-wood, as they had last week.—Very foolish of me," he said on the stairs, "but it goes to my heart to kill that young fellow. How I should like to know his history! That face does not mean nothing."

Craddock, caring very little what his duties might be, and feeling the night-wind go through his heart, hastened to the outfitters', and there he was received with a grin by an experienced shopman, on the production of his note.

"Capital customers, sir," he said; "famous customers of ours, that Grand Junction Wasting and Screwing Line, and the best of all for the gentlemen in your way of business, sir. Must have new clothes every new hand, and they changes pretty often, sir. Provides all the comforts of a home for you, and a gentlemanly competence, before you've been half a year with them."

The man grinned still more at his own grim wit, while Craddock stared at him in wonderment.

"Don't you see, sir, they can't pass the clothes on, after the man has been killed, even if there's a bit of them left; for they must fit you like your skin, sir. The leastest little wrinkle, sir, or the ruffle of a hinch, or so much as the fray of a hem, and there you are, sir; and they have to look for another hactive young man, sir. And hactive young men are getting shy, sir, uncommon shy of it now, except they come from the country. Hope you insured your life, sir, before taking the situation. There's no company will accept your life now, sir. What a nice young man the last were,—what a nice young man, to be sure! outrageous fond of filberts, till they cracked him, and found a shell for him."

"Well," said Craddock, whom the busy tailor had been measuring all this while, "from all that you tell me, there would be less imprudence in ordering my coffin than to-morrow's dinner. What is there so very dangerous in it?"

"Well, you'll see, sir, you'll see. I

would not frighten you for the world, because it's all up in a moment if you lose your presence of mind. Thank you, sir; all right now except the legs of the tights, and that's the most particular part of it all. May I trouble you to turn your trousers up? It will never do to measure over them. We shall put six hands on at once at the job. The whole will be ready at eleven this evening. You must kindly call and try everything. We are ordered to insist upon that."

The next morning Crad, in a suit of peculiar, tough, and yet most elastic cord, which fitted him as if he had been dipped in it, walked in at the open gates of the front yard leading to the Cramjam general goods terminus. This was the only way in or out (except along "the metals"), and, as it was got up with heaps of stucco, all the porters were very proud of it, and called it a "slap-up harchway."

"Stop, stop," cried a sharp little fellow, gurgling up, like a fountain, from among the sham pilasters; "what's your business here, my man, on the premises of the Grand Junction Wasting and Screwing Company? Ah, I see by your togs. Just come this way, if you please, then."

Here let me call a little halt, for time enough to explain that the more fashionable of the railway companies have lately agreed that a station-yard is a sort of royal park, which cannot be kept too private, which no doors may rashly open upon, a pleasant rural solitude and weed-nursery for the neighbourhood, and wherein the senior porter has his private mushroom bed. They are wise in this seclusion, and wholesome is their privacy, so long as they discard all principle, so long as they are allowed to garotte us, while they jabber about "public interests." Perhaps, ere very long, we shall have a modern Dædalus; and then the boards of directors, so ready to do collectively things which, done individually, no gentleman would own to, may abate a few jots of their arrogance, and have faint recollections of honour.

Craddock, not very deeply impressed

by the "compo" arch (about half the size of the stone one at Nowelhurst Hall's chief entrance) presented himself to the sharp little fellow, and told him what he was come for.

"Glad to hear it," said the gateman, "uncommonly glad to hear it. Morshead is a wonderful fellow; there is not another man in England could have stuck to that work as he has done. He ought to have five pounds a week, that he ought, instead of a single sovereign. Screwing Co." (this was their common name) "will be sorry when they have lost him. Now your duty is to enter, in this here book, the number of every truck, jerry, trod, or blinkem, tarpaulin, or covering of any sort; also the destination chalked on it, and the nature of the goods in the truck, so far as you can ascertain them; coals, iron, chalk, packing-cases, boxes, crates, what not, so fast as they comes into the higher end, or so fast as they goes out of it. You return this book to the check office every time you come off duty. You begin work at eight in the morning, and you leave at eight in the evening. You don't pass here meanwhile, and you can't pass up the line. Hope you have brought some grub. You'll have five minutes in the afternoon, long enough to get a snack in, after the up goods for Millstone is off. Oh, you ought to have brought some grub; if you faint, you will never come to again. But perhaps Morshead can spare you a bit. He'll be glad to see you, that's certain, for he ain't slept a wink for a week. And such a considerate chap. I enter you in and out. 'Number-taker 26.' That's all right from your cap, my lad. No room for it on your sleeve. Might stick out, you know, and you must pack tighter than any of the goods is. 'Under-takers,' we call you always. Good-bye, sir; Morshead will tell you the rest, and I hope to see you all right at eight P.M. The first day is always the worst. Go in at that door by the Pickford, and ask the first porter you see for Morshead, and take care how you get at him."

Morshead was resting for a moment upon a narrow piece of planking, amid a

regular Seven Dials of sidings, points, and turn-tables. Craddock could scarcely see him, for trucks and vans and boxes on wheels were gliding past in every direction, thick as the carts on London Bridge, creaking, groaning, ricketing, lurching; thumping up against one another, and then recoiling with a heavy kick, straining upon coupling-chains, butting against bulk-heads, staggering and jerking into grooves and out of them, crushing flints into a shower of sparks, doing anything and everything except standing still for a moment. And among them rushed about, like dragons, —ramping, and routing, and swearing fearfully, gargling their throats with a boiling riot, and then goring the ground with tusks of steam, whisking and flicking their tails, and themselves, in and out at the countless cross-webs, screaming, and leaping, and rattling, and booming,—the great ponderous giant goods-engines. Every man was out-swearing his neighbour, every truck brow-beating its fellow, every engine outyelling its rival. There is nothing on earth to compare with this scene, unless it be the jostling and churning of ice-packs in Davis's Straits, when the tide runs hard, and a gale of wind is blowing, and the floes have broken up suddenly. And even that comparison fails, because, though the monsters grind and crash, and labour and leap with agony, they do not roar, and vomit steam, and swear at one another.

At the risk of his life, for as yet he knew nothing of the laws that governed their movements—a very imperfect code, by-the-bye—Craddock made his way to the narrow staging, where Morshead was taking a breathing-time. His fellow "number-taker" of course descried him coming; for he had acquired the art of seeing all round, as a spider is falsely supposed to do. He knew, in a moment, by Craddock's dress, what business he was meant for; and he said to himself, "Thank God!" in one breath, for the sake of his wife and family; and "Oh, poor fellow!" in the next, as he saw how green our Craddock was. Then he held up his hands for Craddock to stop

and waved them for him to run; and so piloted him to the narrow knife-board, "where a man's life was his own a'most."

The highest and noblest of physical courage is that which, fully perceiving the danger, looking into the black pit of death, and seeing the night of horrors there (undivested of horrors by true religion), encounters them all, treads the narrow cord daily, not for the sake of honour or fortune; not because of the dash in it, and the excitement to a brave soul; not even to win the heart's maiden, that pearl of romance and mystery: but simply to supply the home, to keep in flow the springs of love—whence the geyser heat is gone—to sustain and comfort (without being comforted by them) the wife, whose beauty is passed away, and who may have taken to scold, and the children, whose chief idea of daddy is that he has got a halfpenny.

This glorious inglorious courage, grander than any that ever won medal or cross for murdering, had a little home—though he knew it not, and never thought about it—in the broad, well-rounded bosom of simple Stephen Morshead. None but himself knew his narrow escapes; an inch the wrong way and he was a dead man, fifty times a day. And worst of all in the night—oh, in the horrible night, and yet more in the first gleam of morning, when the body was worn out, and dreams came over the eyes, but were death if they passed to the brain, and the trucks went by like nightmares—that very morning he had felt, after taking duty night and day for more than a week, since they killed his partner, he had felt that his Sally must be a widow, and his seven children orphans, if another night went over him without some relief of sleep. That every word of this is true, many a poor man would avouch (if he only had time and the money to read it, and were not afraid); but few rich men will care to swallow facts so indigestible.

Stephen Morshead was astonished at seeing that his mate was come. None of the men in the goods station would

have anything to do with it. It was very well to be up in the trucks, or upon the engines, or even to act as switchman, for you had a corner inviolable, and could only do mischief to others. But to run in and out, and through and through, in that perpetual motion, to be bound to jot down every truck, the cover, and contents of it, entering or departing from that crammed and crowded terminus, to have nobody to help you therein, and nobody to cry "dead man" if you died, and the certainty that if you stood a hair's-breadth out of the perpendicular, or a single wheel had a bunion, you with the notebook in your hand must flood the narrow 'tween-ways, and find your way out underneath to heaven; all this, and the risk of the fearful jumps from one sliding train to another, sliding oppositely, and jerking, perhaps, as you jumped; and yet if you farked the jump you must be crushed, like a frog beneath a turf-beater: these considerations, after many pipes were smoked over them, had induced all the porters and stokers to dwell on the virtues of the many men killed, and to yield to their wives' entreaties, acquiesce in their sixteen shillings, nor aspire to the four shillings Charon-fare.

"Now," said Morshead, "shake hands with me," as Cradock, breathless with running wonder, leaped upon the nine-inch gangway, "I see you belongs to a different horder of society; obliged to keep my eyes open, mate; but, as long as you and I works together, I ask it as a favour of you, to shake hands night and morning."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Cradock, "if you think there's room for our funny-bones."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Morshead, "you are the right sort for it. Not a bit afeard, I see. Now I mustn't stop to talk; just follow me, and do as I do. I can put you up to it in six hours; and then if you can spare me for the other six, 'twill be the saving of the little ones. But tell the truth if you're tired. I should scorn myself if harm came to you."

"You are the bravest man I ever met," said Craddock, with his heart rising; "you cannot expect me to be like you. But you shall not find me a coward."

"I can see it by your eyes, lad. No sparkle, but a glowing like. I can always tell by the eyes of a man how long he will last at this work. Now come along o' me, and I'll show you the nine worst crushing places."

Craddock followed him through the threads—threads of Clotho and Atropos—feeling the way with his legs, like a gnat who "overs the posts" of a spider's web. In and out, with a jump here and there, when two side-boards threatened to shear them, they got to the gorge at the entrance, where the main turmoil of all was. The Symplegades were a joke to it. And all because the Screwing Company would not buy land enough to get elbow room. There are several lines of railway which do a much larger business; there is no other which attempts to do so much upon less than four times the acreage.

"I've tottled all them as are going out," Mr. Morshead informed Craddock; "now you'll see how we enters them as they enters."

Laughing at his own very miserable joke, he leaped on the chains of the passing waggons, and held up his hand for Craddock not to attempt to do the same.

"Takes a deal of practice that," he cried after he had crossed the train, "and you must larn when they are standing. I need not to have done it now, but sometimes I be forced. Bide where you are; no danger unless they comes with the flaps down."

Then he jotted down, with surprising quickness, all the necessary particulars of the train that was coming in. It happened to be an easy one; for there were no tarpaulins at all, and it was not travelling faster than about four miles an hour.

"Some drivers there is," said Morshead, as he rejoined Craddock round the tail of the train, "who really seem to want to kill a fellow, they come by at

such a pace, without having any call for it. I believe they think, the low fools, that we are put as spies upon them, and they would rather kill us than not.—Hold your tongue," to a man in a truck, who was interrupting his lecture; "don't you know better than to offer me that stuff? Never touch what they offers you, sir. They means no harm, but you had safer take poison when you be on duty. There is not much real danger *just here* if a fellow is careful, because the rails run parallo; there is nothing round the curve now, I see, and only two coming out, and both of they be scored; it's a rare chance to show you the figures of eight, and slide-points where the chief danger is. Show you where poor Charley was killed last week, and how he did it."

"Poor fellow! Did he leave any family?"

"Twelve in all. No man comes here, unless he be tired of his life, or be druv to it by the little ones."

"And what did the Company do for them?"

"Oh, behaved most'andsome for them. Allowed'em two bob a week for a twelve-month to come—twopence a piece all round. But they only did it to encourage me, for fear I should funk off. I have seen out three mates now. Please God, I shan't see you out too, my lad."

"If you do, it shan't be from funk, Morshead. I rather like the danger."

"That's the worst thing of all," replied Stephen; "I beg of you not to say that, sir."

A thoroughly brave man almost always has respect for order. The bold man—which means a coward with jumps in him—generally has none. It was strange to see how Stephen Morshead, in all that crush, and crash, and rattle, that swinging and creaking as of the Hellespontic boat-bridge, mixed deference with his pity for Craddock. He saw, from his face, and air, and manner, that he was bred a gentleman. Shall we ever come—or rather the twentieth generation come—to the time when every man of England (but for his own

fault) shall be bred and trained a gentleman, in the true and glorious sense of it?

Craddock saw the fatal places, where the sleepers still were purple, where danger ran in converging lines, where a man must stand sideways, like a duellist, and with his arms in like a drill-sergeant's, and not shrink an inch from the driving-wheels; where his size was measured as for his coffin, and if he stirred he would want nothing more. Then, if a single truck-flap were down, if an engine rollicked upon the rail, if a broad north-country truck, over-reaching, happened to be in either train, when you were caught between the two, your only chance was to cry, "Good God!" and lie upon your side, and straighten all your toes out.

And yet these were the very places where, most of all, the "number-taker" was bound to have his stand,—where alone he could contrive to check two trains at once. "Could they help starting two trains at once?" poor Crad asked himself—for he had found no time to ask it before—when, weary to the last fibre with the work of the day, he fell upon his little bed, and could hardly notice Wena. Perhaps they could not; it was more than he knew; only he knew that, if they could, they were but wanton man-slaughters.

After a deep sleep, all in his clothes, he awoke the next morning quite up for his work, and Morshead, who had been on duty all night, and whose eyes seemed cut out of card-board, only stayed for an hour with him, and then, feeling that Crad was quite up to the day-work, ran home and snored for ten hours, as loud as Phlegethon or Enceladus.

The most fearful thing, for a new hand, was, of course, the night-work; and Stephen Morshead, delighted to have such a mate at last, had begged to leave Craddock the day-spell, at least for the first three weeks; for to Stephen the moon was as good as the sun, and sweet sleep fell like wool when plucked at, and hushed the tramping steeds of the day-god. Only, for the sake of Stephen's eyes, on whose accuracy hung

the life-poise, it was absolutely necessary not to dilate the pupils incessantly.

But Craddock never took nightwork there; and the change came about on this wise. Wena felt that she was wronged by his going away from her every day so early in the morning, and not coming home to her again till ever so late at night, and then too tired to say a word, or perhaps he didn't care to do it. Like all females of any value—unless they are really grand ones, and, if such there be, please to keep them away—Wena grew jealous desperately. She might as well be anybody else's dog; and the baker's dog was with his master all day; and the butcher's lady dog, a nasty ill-bred thing—the idea of calling her a lady!—why, even she was allowed, though the selfish thing didn't care for it, unless there was suet on his apron, to jump up at him and taste him, all the time he was going for orders. And then look even at the Ducksacre dog, a despicable creature—his father might have been a bull-terrier, or he might have been a Pomeranian, or a quarter-bred Skye, or the Lord knows who, very likely a turn-spit, and his mother, oh! the less we say of her the better;—why, that wretched, lop-eared, split-tailed thing, without an eye fit to look out of, had airs of his own; and what did it mean, she would like to know, and she who had formed some nice acquaintances, dogs that had been presented at Court, and got Eau de Cologne every morning, and not a blessed [run-away] upon them? Why, it meant simply this: that Spot, filthy plague-spot, was allowed to go out with the baskets, and made a deal of by his owners, and might cock his tail with the best of them, while she, black Wena, who had been brought up so differently—

Here her feelings were too much for her, and she put down her soft flossy ear upon the drugget-scrap, and looked at the door despairingly, and howled until Mrs. Ducksacre was obliged to come up and comfort her. Even then she wouldn't eat the dripping.

From that day she made her mind up. She would watch her opportunity. What

was the good of being endowed with such a nose as she had, unless she could smell her master out, even through the streets of London? What did he wear such outlandish clothes for? Very likely on purpose to cheat her. Very likely he was even keeping some other dog. At any rate she would know that, if it cost her her life to do it. What good was her life now to her, or anybody else? Heigho!

On the following Saturday, when Craddock was gone to his fifth day's work, what does Wena do, when Mrs. Ducksacre came up on purpose to coax and make much of her, but most ungratefully give her the slip, with a skill worthy of a better purpose, then scuttle down the stairs, all four legs at once, in that sort of a bone-slide which domestic dogs acquire. Miss Ducksacre ran out of the shop at the noise—for this process is not a silent one; but she could only cry, "Oh, Lord!" as Wena, with the full impact of her weight multiplied into her velocity, or, if that is wrong, with the cube of her impetus multiplied into the forty-two stairs—bang she came anyhow, back-foremost, against the young lady's—nay, you there, I said, "lower limbs"—and deposited her in a bushel of carrots just come from Covent Garden.

"Stop her, Joe, for God's sake, stop her!" Miss Ducksacre cried to the shop-boy, as well as she could for the tail of a carrot which had gotten between her teeth.

"Blowed if I can, miss," the boy responded, as Wena nipped his fingers for him; the next moment she was free as the wind, and round the corner in no time.

"Oh dear, oh dear," cried Polly Ducksacre, a buxom young lady with fine black eyes, "whatever will Mr. Newman think of us? It will seem so unkind and careless; and he does love that dog so!"

Polly was beginning to entertain a tender regard for Craddock; especially since he had shown his proportions in "them beautiful buff pantaloons." What a greengrocer he would make, to be

sure, so hupright and so lordly like; and she'd like to see the man in the "Garden" who would tell her she had eaten sparrow-pie, with Mr. Newman to hold the basket for her.

By this time, Mrs. Ducksacre was come down the stairs, screaming "Wena!" at the top of her voice the whole way; and out they ran, boy and all, to search for her, while three or four urchins came in, without medium of exchange, and filled cap, mouth, and pocket. One brat was caught upon their return, and tied up for the day in an empty potato-sack, and exposed, behind the counter, to universal execration; in which position he took such note of manner and custom, time and place, that it was never safe for the Ducksacre firm to dine together afterwards.

Meanwhile that little black Wena, responsive and responsible to none except her master, pursued the even tenor of her way, nosing the ground, and asking many a question of the lamp-posts, as far as the Cramjam Terminus, at least three miles from Mortimer Street. The sharp little gate-clerk, animated with railway love of privacy, ran out, and clapped his hands, and shouted "hoo" at Wena; but she only buttoned her tail down, and cut across the compound. As for the stone he threw at her, she caught it up in her mouth as it rolled, and carried it on to her master.

There was Craddock, in the thick of it, standing on a narrow pile of pig iron, one of his chief fortalices; his book was in his hand, and he was entering, as fast as he could, all the needful particulars of a goods train sliding past him.

Creak, and squeak, and puff, and shriek,—Oh what a scene, thought Wena,—and the rattle of the ghostly chains, and the rushing about, and the roaring. She lost her presence of mind in a moment,—she always had been such a nervous dog—she tightened her tail convulsively, and dropped her ears, while her eyes came forth; and, glancing at the horrors on every side, she fled for dear life from the evil to come.

The faster she fled, the more they

closed round her. She had not espied her master yet; she could not find the way back again; she was terrified out of all memory; and a host of frightful genii, more sooty than Coeytus, and riding hideous monsters, were yelling at her on every side, clapping black hands, and hooting. The dog on the Derby course, when the race rushes round the corner, was in a position of glory and safety compared to poor Wena's now. Already the tip of her tail was crushed, already one pretty paw was broken; for she had bolted in and out through the trains, truck bottoms, wheels, and driving-wheels. Oh you cowards to yell at her! with black death grating and grinding upon her soft silky back!

At last she gave in altogether. They had hunted her to her grave. Who may contend with destiny? She lay down under a moving coal-train, and resigned herself to die. But first she must ask for sympathy, although so unlikely to get it. She looked once more at her wounded foot, and shivered and sobbed with the agony; and then gave vent to one long low cry, to ask if no one loved a poor dog there.

Craddock heard it, and started so that it was nearly all up with him too. Thoroughly he knew the cry, wherein she had wailed for Clayton. He flung down his book, and dashed to the place, and there he saw Wena, and she saw him. She began to try to limp to him, but he held up his hand to stop her; disabled as she was, she was sure to be caught by the wheel. Could she stay there and let the train pass her? No. At its tail was an empty horse-box, almost scraping the ground, perfectly certain to crush her. Crying, "Down, down, my poor darling!" he ran down the train, which was travelling seven or eight miles an hour, seized the side of a truck, and leaped, at the risk of his life, upon the fender in front of the horse-box. Then he got astride of the coupling chain, and kept his right hand low to the ground to snatch her up ere the crusher came. Knowing where she was, he caught her by the

neck the instant the truck disclosed her, and, with a strong swing, heaved her up into it. But he lost his balance in doing it, and fell sideways, with his head on the other coupling chain. Stunned by the blow, he lay there, only clinging by his right calf to the chain he had sat astride upon. The first jerk of either chain, the first swing of either carriage, and he must be ground to powder.

Luckily for him and for Amy, Morshead was not gone home yet, seeing more to do than usual. Missing his mate from the proper place, he had run up in terror to look for him, when a man in a truck, who had vainly been shouting to stop the coal-train's engine, pointed and screamed to him where and what was doing. Morshead jumped on the heap of pig iron, and sideways thence on the board of the truck just passing, as dangerous a leap as well could be, but luckily that truck was empty. He jumped into the truck, a shallow one, where poor Wena lay quite paralysed, and, stooping over the back with both arms, he got hold of Craddock's collar. Then with a mighty effort he jerked him upon the tail-board, and lugged him in, and bent over him.

Wounded Wena crawled up, and begged to have her poor foot looked at; then, obtaining no notice at all, she felt that Craddock must be killed and dead, just as Clayton had been. Upon this conclusion she fetched such a howl, though it shook her sore tail to do it, that the engine-driver actually looked round, and the train was stopped.

Hereupon let me offer a suggestion—everybody now is allowed to do so, though nobody ever takes it. My suggestion is, that no man should be allowed to drive an engine without having served a twelvemonth's apprenticeship as an omnibus conductor. I don't mean to say it would improve his morals—probably rather otherwise; but it would teach him the habit of looking round; it would let him know that there really is more than one quarter of the heavens. At present all engine-drivers seem afraid of being turned into pillars of salt. So

they fix themselves like pillars of stone, and stare, ἀγρίαις ὀφθαλμοῖς, through their square glass spectacles.

When one of the railway bajuli—who are, on the whole, very good sort of fellows, and deserve their Christmas-boxes—came home in the cab with Cradock and Wena at the expense of the Company (which was boasted of next board-day)—when one of them came home with Crad—for Morshead had double work again—Polly Ducksacre went into strong hysterics, and it required two married men and a boy to get her out of the potato-bin.

It was all up with our Crad that night. The overwork of brain and muscle, the presence of mind required all the time when his mind was especially absent, the impossibility of thinking out any of his trains of ideas when a train of trucks was upon him, the native indignation of a man at knowing that his blood is meant to ebb down a railway sewer, and a new broom will sweep him clean—all these worries and wraths together, cogging into the mill-wheel of cares already grinding, had made such a mill-clack in his head near the left temple, where the thump was, that he could only roll on his narrow bed at imminent risk of a floor-bump. Then the cold, long harbouring, struck into his heart and reins; and he knew not that Dr. Tink came, and was learned and diagnostic upon him; nor even that Polly Ducksacre took his feet out of bed, and rubbed them until her wrists gave way; and then, half ashamed of her womanhood, sneaked away, and cried over Wena. Wena's foot was put into splinters, Wena's tail was stypicised; but no skill could save her master from a furious brain-fever.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LEAVING the son on his narrow hard pallet, to toss and toss, and turn and turn, and probably get bed-sores, let us see how the father was speeding.

Sir Cradock Nowell sat all alone in his little breakfast-room, soon after the

funeral of his brother, and before Eoa came to him. For the simple, hot-hearted girl fell so ill after she heard of her loss, and recovered from the narcotic, that Biddy O'Gaghan, who got on famously with the people at the Crown, would not hear of her being moved yet, and drove Dr. Hutton all down the stairs, "with a word of sinse on the top of him," when he claimed his right of attending upon the girl he had known in India.

That little breakfast-room adjoined Sir Cradock's favourite study, and was as pretty a little room as he could have wished to sit in. He had made pretence of breakfasting, but perhaps he looked forward to lunch-time, for not more than an ounce of food had he swallowed altogether. There he sat nervously, trying vainly, to bring his mind to bear on the newspaper. Fine gush of irony, serried antithesis, placid assumption of the point at issue, then logic as terse and tight as the turns of a three-inch screw-jack, withering indignation at those who won't think exactly as we do, the sunrise glow of metaphor, the moonlight gleam of simile, the sparkling stars of wit, and the playful Aurora of humour—alas, all these are like water on a duck's back when the heart won't let the brain go. If we cannot appreciate their beauty, because our opinions are different, how can we hope to do so when we don't want to think about the thing? It is all very well, very easy, to talk about objectivity; but a really objective man the Creator has never shown us, save once; and even He rebuked the fig-tree, to show sympathy with our impatience.

And I doubt but it is lest we deify the grand incarnations of intellect—the Platos and the Aristotles, the Bacons and the Shakespeares—that it has pleased the Maker of great and small to leave us small tales of the great ones, mean anecdotes, low traditions; lest at any time we should be dazzled, and forget that they were but sparkles from the dross which heaven hammers on. Oh vast and soaring intellects, was it

that your minds flew higher because they had shaken the soul off; or was it that your souls grew sullen at the mind's preponderance?

Fash we not ourselves about it, though we pay the consequences. If we have not those great minds in the lump, we have a deal more, taking the average, and we make it go a deal further, having learned the art of economy and the division of labour. Nevertheless, Sir Cradock Nowell, being not at all an objective man, lay deep in the pot of despondency; and, even worse than that, hung, jerked thereout every now and then, by the flesh-hook of terror and nervousness. How could he go kindly with his writer when his breakfast would not so with him?

He was expecting Bull Garnet. Let alone all his other wearing troubles, he never could be comfortable when he expected Bull Garnet. At every step in the passage, every bang of a door, the proud old gentleman trembled and flushed, and was wroth with himself for doing so. Then Hogstaff came in, and fussed about, and Sir Cradock was fain to find fault with him.

"How careless you are getting about the letters, Hogstaff. Later and later every morning! What is the reason that you never now bring me the bag at the proper time?"

It was very strange, no doubt, of Job Hogstaff, but he could not bear to be found fault with; and now he saw his way to a little triumph, and resolved to make the most of it.

"Yes, Sir Cradock; to be sure, Sir Cradock; how my old head is failing me! Very neglectful of me never to have brought the bag to-day." Then he turned round suddenly at the door, to which he had been hobbling, "Perhaps you'd look at the date, Sir Cradock, of the paper in your hand, sir."

"Yesterday's paper, of course, Hogstaff. What has that to do with it?"

"Oh nothing, sir, nothing, of course. Only I thought it might have come in the letter-bag. Perhaps it never does, Sir Cradock; you knows best as you takes it out." Here old Job gave a

quiet chuckle, and added, as if to himself, "No, of course, it couldn't have come in the letter-bag this morning, or master would never have blowed me up for not bringing him the bag, as nobody else got a key to it!"

"How stupid of me, to be sure, how excessively stupid!" exclaimed Sir Cradock with a sigh; "of course I had the bag, a full hour ago; and there was nothing in it but this paper. Job, I beg your pardon."

"And I hope it's good news you've got there, Sir Cradock, and no cases of starvation; no one found dead in the streets, I hopes, or drowned in the Serpentine. Anyhow, there's a many births, I see, and a deal too many. Children be now such a plenty nobody care about them."

"Job, you quite forget yourself," said his master, very grandly; but there came a long sigh after it, and Job was not daunted easily.

"And, if I do, Sir Cradock Nowell, I'd sooner forget myself than my children."

Sir Cradock was very angry, or was trying to feel that he ought to be so, when a heavy tread, quite unmistakeable, and yet not so firm as it used to be, shook the Minton tiles of the passage. That step used to cry to the echoes, "Make way; a man of vigour and force is coming." Now all it said was, "Here I go, and am not in a mood to be meddled with."

"Come in," said Sir Cradock, fidgeting, and pretending to be up for an egg, as Mr. Garnet gave two great thumps on the panel of the door. Small as the room was, Job Hogstaff managed to be too late to let him in. Bull Garnet first flung his great eyes on the butler; he had no idea of fellows skulking their duty. Old Hogstaff, who looked upon Garnet as no more than an upper servant, gazed back with especial obtuseness, and waved his napkin cleverly.

"Please to put that mat straight again, Mr. Garnet. You kicked it askew, as you came in. And our master can't abide things set crooked."

To Job's disappointment and wonder, Bull Garnet stepped back very quietly, stooped down, and replaced the sheepskin.

"Hogstaff, leave the room this moment," shouted Sir Cradock wrathfully; and Job hobbled away to brag how he had pulled Muster Garnet down a peg.

"Now, Garnet, take my easy chair. Will you have a cup of coffee after your early walk?"

"No, thank you. I have breakfasted three hours and a half ago. In our position of life, we must be up early, Sir Cradock Nowell."

There was something in the tone of that last remark, commonplace as it was, without the key to it, which the hearer disliked particularly.

"I have requested the favour of your attendance here, Mr. Garnet, that I might have the benefit of your opinion upon a subject which causes me the very deepest anxiety,—at least, I mean, which interests me deeply.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Garnet: he could say "ah!" in such a manner that it held three volumes uncut.

"Yes. I wish to ask your opinion about my poor son, Cradock."

Bull Garnet said not a word, but conveyed to the ceiling his astonishment that the housemaid had left such cobwebs there.

"I fear, Garnet, you cannot sympathize with me. You are so especially fortunate in your own domestic circumstances."

"Oh," said Mr. Garnet, still contemplating the cornice. "*Oh exclamantis est*," beautifully observes the Eton grammar.

"Yes, your son is a perfect pattern. So gentle and gentlemanly; so amiable and poetical. I had no idea he was so brave. Shall I ever see him to thank him for saving the life of my niece?"

"He is a fine fellow, a noble fellow, Sir Cradock. The dearest and the best boy in the whole wide world."

The old man long had known that the flaw in Bull Garnet's armour was the thought of his dear boy, Bob.

"And can you not fancy, Garnet, that

my son, whatever he is, may also be dear to me?"

"I should have said so, I must have thought so, but for the way you have treated him."

Bull Garnet knew well enough that he was a hot and hasty man; but he seldom had felt that truth more sharply than now, when he saw the result of his words. Nevertheless, he faltered not. He had made up his mind to deliver its thoughts, and he was not the man to care for faces.

"Sir Cradock Nowell, I am a violent, hot, and passionate man. I have done many things in my fury which I would give my life to undo; but I would rather have them all on my soul than such cold-blooded, calm, unnatural cruelty as you have shown to your only—I mean to your own—son. I suppose you never cared for him; *suppose!* I mean of course you did not."

He looked at Sir Cradock Nowell, with thunder and hail in his eyes. The old man could not glance it back; neither did he seem to be greatly indignant at it.

"Then—then—I suppose you don't think—you don't believe, I mean, Garnet—that he did it *on purpose?*"

Mr. Garnet turned pale as a winding-sheet, and could not speak for a moment. Then he looked away from Sir Cradock's eyes, and asked, "Is it possible that you have ever thought so?"

"I have tried not," answered Sir Cradock, with his wasted bosom heaving. "God knows that I have struggled against it. Garnet, have pity upon me. If you have any of our blood in you, tell me the truth, what you think."

"I not only think, but know, that the devil only could have suggested such an idea to you. Man, for the sake of the God that made you, and made me as well your brother, and every one of us brethren, rather put a pistol to your heart than that damned idea. In cold blood! in cold blood! And for the sake of gain! A brother to—do away with—a brother so! Oh, what things have come upon me! Where is my God, and where is yours?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied the old man, gazing round in wonderment, as if he expected to see Him—for the scene had quite unnerved him—"I suppose He is—is somewhere in the usual place, Mr. Garnet."

"Then that's not in this neighbourhood," replied Bull Garnet, heavily: "He is gone from me, from all of us. And His curse is on my children. Poor innocents, poor helpless lambs! the curse of God is on them."

He went away to the window; and, through his tears, and among the trees, tried to find his cottage-roof.

Sir Craddock Nowell was lost to thought, and heard nothing of those woeful words, although from the depth of that labouring chest they came like the distant sea-roar. Bull Garnet returned with his fierce eyes softened to a woman's fondness, and saw, with pity as well as joy, that his last words had not been heeded. "Ever hot and ever hasty, until it comes to my own death," he muttered, still in recklessness; "perhaps then I shall be tardy. For my son's sake, for my Bob and Pearl, I must not make such a child of myself. Nevertheless, I cannot stay here."

"Garnet," said Sir Craddock Nowell, slowly recovering from his stupor, a slight cerebral paralysis, "say nothing of what has passed between us—nothing, I entreat you; and not another word to me now. I only understand that you assert emphatically my son Craddock's innocence."

"With every fibre of my heart. With every tissue of my brain."

"Then I love you very much for it; although you have done it so rudely."

"Don't say that. Never say it again. I can't bear it now, Sir Craddock."

"Very well, then, I won't, Garnet. Though I think you might be proud of my gratitude; for I never bestow it rashly."

"I am very thankful to you. Gratitude is an admirable and exceedingly scarce thing. I am come to give you notice—as well as to answer your summons—notice of my intention to quit your service shortly."

"Nonsense!" replied Sir Craddock,

gasping; "nonsense, Garnet! You never mean that—that even you would desert me?"

Bull Garnet was touched by the old man's tone,—the helplessness, the misery. "Well," he answered, "I'll try to bear with it for a little longer, in spite of the daily agony. I owe you everything; all I can do. I'll get things all into first-rate order, and then I hope, most truly, your son will be back again, sir."

"It isn't only the stewardship, Garnet; it isn't only that. You are now as one of the family, and there are so few of us left. Your daughter Pearl; I begin to love her as of my own flesh and blood. Who knows but what, if my Craddock comes back, he may take a liking to her? Amy Rosedew has not behaved well lately, any more than her father has."

"Do you mean to say that you, Sir Craddock, with all your prejudices of birth, legitimacy, and station, would ever sanction—supposing it possible—any affection of a child of yours for a child of mine?"

"To be sure—if it were a true one. A short time ago I thought very differently. But oh! what does it matter? I am not what I was, Garnet."

"Neither am I," thought Mr. Garnet; "but I might have been, if only! I could ever have dreamed this. God has left me, for ever left me."

"Why don't you answer me, Garnet? Why do you shut your Pearl up so? Let her come to me soon; she would do me good; and I, as you know, have a young lady coming, who knows little of English society. Pearl would do her a great deal of good. Pearl is a thorough specimen of a well-bred English maiden. I think I like her better than Amy—since Amy has been so cold to me."

To Sir Craddock's intense astonishment, Bull Garnet, instead of replying, rushed straight away out of the room, and, not content with that, he rushed out of the house as well, and strode fiercely away to the nearest trees, and was lost to sight among them.

"Well," said the old man, "he always

was the oddest fellow I ever did know ; and I suppose he always will be. And yet what a man for business !”

That same forenoon, Mrs. Brown's boy and donkey came with a very long message from a lady who had tucked him on the head because he could not make out her meaning. He believed her name was Mrs. Jogging, and he was to say that Miss Oh Ah was fit to come home to-day, please, if they'd please to send the shay for her. And they must please to get ready Satan's room, where the daffodil curtains was, because the young woman loved to look at the yeast, and to have a good fire burning. And please they must send the eel-skin cloak, and the foot-tub in the shay, because the young woman was silly.

“Chilly, you stupid,” replied Mrs. Toaster. “She shall have the foot-warmer and the seal-skin cloak ; but what Satan's room with the daffodil curtains is, only the Lord in heaven knows ; and how she is to see any yeast there ! Are you certain that was the message ?”

“Sartin, ma'am. I said it to myself ever so many times ; more often than I stuck the Neddy.”

Sir Craddock Nowell, upon appeal, speedily decided that the satin room was meant—the room with the rose-coloured curtains, and the windows facing the east : but the boy stuck out for the daffodil ; leastways he was certain it was *some* flower.

It was nearly dark when the carriage returned ; and Sir Craddock came down to the great entrance-hall to meet his brother's child. He was trembling with anxiety ; for his nerves were rapidly failing him ; and, from Dr. Hutton's account, he feared to see in his probable heiress—for now he had no heir—something very outlandish and savage. Therefore he was surprised and delighted when a graceful and beautiful girl, with high birth and elegance in every movement, flung off her cloak, and skipped up to him with the lightness of a gazelle, and threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

“Oh, uncle, I shall love you so ! You are so like my darling—you have his

nose exactly, and just the same shaped legs. Oh, to think he should ever have left me !” And she burst into tears then and there before half-a-dozen servants. “Oh, Uncle Craddock, you have got a fine house ; but I never shall get over it.”

“Hush, my dear ; come with me, my child !” Sir Craddock was always wide awake upon the subject of the proprieties.

“I am not your child ; and I won't be your child, if you try to stop me like that. I must cry when I want to cry, and it is so stupid to stop me.”

“What a pretty dear you are !” said Sir Craddock, scarcely knowing what to say, but having trust in feminine vanity.

“Am I indeed ? I don't think so at all. I was very pretty, I know, until I began to cry so. But now my cheeks are come out, and my eyes gone in ; but, oh dear ! what does it matter, and my father never, never to take me on his lap again ? Hya ! Hya ! Hya !”

“Faix, thin, me darlin’,” cried Mrs. O'Gaghan, stroking her down in a shampoo manner, “it's meself as knows how to dale with you. Lave her to me, Sir Crayduck ; she's pure and parfict, every bit on her. I knows how to bring her out, and she'll come to your room like a lamb, now jist.—Git out of the way, the lot on you”—to several officious maidens—“me honey, put your hand in my neck, your blissed leetle dove of a hand, and fale how me heart goes pat for you. Sir Crayduck, me duty to you, but you might 'ave knowed how to git out of the way, and lave the ladies to the ladies.”

Sir Craddock Nowell marched away, thinking what a blessing it was that he had not had much to do with women. Then he reproached himself for the thought, as he remembered his darling Violet, the mother of his children. But, before he had brooded very long in the only room he liked to use now, his study just off from the library, a gentle knock came to the door—as Biddy always expressed it—and Eoa, dressed in deepest mourning (made at Lymington, from her own frock, while she lay ill at the Crown), came up to him steadily, and

kissed him, and sat on a stool at his feet.

"Oh, uncle, I am so sorry," she said, with her glorious hair falling over his knees, and her deep eyes looking up at him, "I am so sorry, Uncle Cradock, that I vexed you so, just now."

"You did not vex me, my pretty. I was only vexed for you. Now, remember one thing, my darling—for I shall love you as my own daughter—I have been very harsh and stern where, perhaps, I had no right to be so: if I am ever unkind to you, my dear, if I ever say anything hard, only say, 'Clayton Nowell' to me, and I will forgive you directly."

"You mean I must forgive *you*, uncle. I suppose that's what you mean. If you are unkind to me, what will you want to forgive me for? But I couldn't do it. I couldn't say it, even if I had done any harm. Please to remember that I either love or I hate people. I know that I shall love you. But you must not contradict me. I never could endure it, and I never will."

"Well," said Sir Cradock, laughing; "I will try to remember that, my dear. Though, in that respect, you differ but little from our English young ladies."

"If you please, Uncle Cradock, I must go to-night to see where you have put my father. There, I won't cry any more, because he told me never to vex you, and I see that my crying vexes you. Did you cry, yourself, Uncle Cradock, when you heard of it first?"

She looked at him, as she asked this question, with such wild intensity, as if her entire opinion of him would hang upon his reply, that the old man felt himself almost compelled to tell "a corker."

"Well, my dear, I am not ashamed to confess——"

"Ashamed to confess, indeed! I should rather hope not. But you ought to be ashamed, I know, if you hadn't cried, Uncle Crad. But now I shall love you very much, now I know you did cry. And how much have you got a year, Uncle Crad?"

"How much what, my dear? What

beautiful eyes you have, Eoa; finer than any of the Nowells!"

"Yes, I know. But that won't do, Uncle Crad; you don't want to answer my question. What I want to know is a very simple thing. How much money have you got a-year? You must have got a good deal, I know, because everybody says so, and because this is such a great place, as big as the palaces in Calcutta."

"Really, Eoa, it is not usual for young people, especially young ladies, to ask such very point-blank questions."

"Oh, I did not know that, and I can't see any harm in it. I know the English girls at Calcutta used to think of nothing else. But I am not a bit like them; it isn't that I care for the money a quarter so much as tamarinds; but I have a particular reason; and I'll find out in spite of you. Just you see if I don't, now."

"A very particular reason, Eoa, for inquiring into my income! Why, what reason can you have?"

"Is it usual for old people, especially old gentlemen, to ask such very point-blank questions?"

Sir Cradock would have been very angry with any other person in the world for such a piece of impertinence; but Eoa gave such a smile of triumph at having caught him in his own net (as she thought), and looked so exquisite in her beauty, as she rose, and the firelight flashed on her; then she tossed her black hair over her shoulders, and gave him such a kiss (with all the spices of India in it) that the old man was at her mercy quite, and she could do exactly what she liked with him.

Oh, Mrs. Nowell Corklemore—so proud of having obtained at last an invitation to Nowelhurst, so confident that, once let in, you can wedge out all before you, like Alexander's phalanx—call a halt, and shape your wiles, and look to belt and buckler, have every lance fresh set and burnished, every sword like a razor; for verily the fight is hard, when art does battle with nature.

To be continued.

BOLSOVER CASTLE: A FRAGMENT.

BY PRINCE FREDERICK OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

WHILST on a journey of recreation through the Midland Counties, I happened one day to be standing on the top of the highest of the four Norman towers that yet frown in right feudal style from the venerable battlements of Bolsover Castle. It happened to be one of those most lovely October mornings which possess such exquisite charms, because they are so rarely seen to perfection in this country. The previous days had been cold, wet, and stormy; but now the sun had risen in all his splendour, and was sending down his warming beams from an unclouded sky through a perfectly undisturbed atmosphere, the tranquil calm of which was so complete that an unsheltered candle could have burned on the top of the tower without being extinguished by any kind of draught. Yet, with all this light shining down from heaven, nearly the whole of the surrounding landscape was for a while entirely hidden from view by one of those peculiar autumnal mists which, I believe, the Scotch mountaineers designate, not inappropriately, as "the pride of the morning." The old castle seemed to be standing quite alone in mid-air, or rather as if floating upon the surface of a magic ocean, after the fashion of one of those enchanted islands of which we are told in the ancient fables. If not really enchanted, it was at least one of those enchanting scenes that are not easily forgotten; and there was ample matter of suggestion in the hazy and almost ghostly vagueness of its character, that might even have made the most prosy matter-of-fact mind start off upon an excursion into the now but seldom visited regions of Dreamland. But this, like all other visions of the kind, did not last very long; for, as the hour advanced, the mist, which had been hanging like a veil over the face of the country, began

gradually to sink. First it uncovered the northernmost and highest hills of Derbyshire; thereupon it revealed step by step other eminences to the west and south—among them the ridge of high ground upon which Hardwick Hall stands in its stately grandeur, surrounded by a number of venerable and majestic oak-trees—until the last traces of it had vanished also in the lower valleys, so that every object in this variegated prospect now presented itself in clear and distinct outlines. Our thoughts and feelings depend so much upon the influence of outward circumstances that, but for the recollections of that beautiful October morning, I should probably never have felt such an interest in the manifold and stirring vicissitudes which marked the spot where I then happened to be standing.

Although the earliest accounts of Bolsover are of a purely traditional character, there is no reason to doubt that it was already an important stronghold during the period of the Saxon rule; for Leuric, the great Saxon thane, who assembled his vassals to oppose the Normans, is mentioned as among the earliest of its possessors. After the Conquest it was bestowed upon William Peverel, one of the chief leaders of the successful invaders, who raised a strong castle on the same site, probably, where the present building is standing. During those remote times it figured alternately under the various appellations of Balesoure and Bolsofres, till it was ultimately called by the name it bears at present. According to Mr. Hamilton Gray,¹

"From 1068 to 1086, the time when the Domesday Survey was made, the lordship of Bolsover was in the possession of William Peverel, and it is therein stated to have been

¹ Bolsover Castle. A paper read before the Lincoln Diocesan Archaeological Society.

previously the property of the Saxon Leuric. We have no notice concerning his fate. It is probable that, like many other noble Saxons, his family descended from being lords to become tillers of the soil; and his posterity may have earned a hard subsistence by labour on those broad lands which once owned him as Thane. The family of Peverel possessed two noted strongholds in Derbyshire—the castles of Bolsover and of the Peak. The former was not yet built at the time of the Domesday Survey in 1086, whereas the latter is there mentioned as already existing. Yet there can be no doubt that Bolsover was built during the reign of one of the Norman kings. It was erected by a Peverel. That race was extinguished in its main line in the first years of the reign of King Henry II. The reign of Stephen was too troubled and stormy to admit of much castle-building by his partisans, and thus we are limited for its erection to the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. The original ancestor was Ranulph de Peverel, father of William de Peverel, of Bolsover and the Peak; of another William, who was governor of Dover, and father of William de Peverel of Essex; and of Payn de Peverel, an eminent soldier, who was standard-bearer of Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, in the Holy Land. He obtained from Henry I. the barony of Bruane in Cambridgeshire, and was father of William de Peverel of London, in the days of King Edward I., and a John Peverel of Bradford-Peverel, in the county of Dorset, whose family ended in an heiress, who died so recently as 1576. The two Williams, father and son, who possessed Bolsover, must have been very long-lived, as their sway over the extensive possessions which were granted them by the Conqueror began in 1068, and did not terminate until 1153, when it ceased with a violence equal to that of its commencement. William Peverel, the son of King William's favourite, appears to have been a zealous supporter of King Stephen, and thus made himself obnoxious to Henry Plantagenet. He was accused of administering poison to Ranulph, the third Earl of Chester, in 1153, in the eighteenth year of Stephen. This Ranulph was a strenuous supporter of the Empress Matilda against that prince, whom he took prisoner in the battle of Lincoln, when the victory was mainly won through the gallantry of this earl. As he and William de Peverel were among the most powerful chiefs of the opposite political parties of their time, we must receive the odious accusation of poisoning, brought against the latter, with considerable suspicion. It was, however, a convenient pretext afforded to Henry Plantagenet, for at once ridding himself of a formidable enemy, and acquiring vast possessions; so he did not fail to turn it to good account for his own interest."

After Bolsover had thus reverted to the Crown by means of confiscation, there occurs frequent mention of it, and

the sums laid out upon it at different periods, in the Great Roll of the Pipe.

Besides the castellated fortress, it is evident that the town of Bolsover was anciently prepared for defence, from the extensive fortifications which protect it on those sides where it has not the natural defence of a steep bank or precipice, and where it is not under the more immediate shelter of the castle. When the castle was a fortress, the adjoining town was probably fortified, as is evident from the still visible traces of an outer wall which surrounds the present village on those sides where the approaches are on a level with the height upon which it is situated. The remnants of this ancient town wall are of considerable extent, and stretch in a manner all across the high ground towards the east and south, terminating at each end at the steep declivity, which, from a considerable height, suddenly abuts upon the Vale of Scarsdale. It is most likely that the old market town of Bolsover has never greatly varied in size, as there is no trace of the houses having covered a larger extent of ground than they now do. There must, consequently, always have been, as there is at present, a considerable uninhabited space within the circuit of the old fortification, which probably served as an encamping ground for bodies of troops which used to be sent to assist the castle and town during the frequent sieges to which they were subject.

Bolsover was one of the most important of the military structures raised in the eleventh and twelfth centuries in different parts of England, and possessed, therefore, also the chief characteristics of those grim fortalices which the Norman tyrants built, in order to compress the conquered Saxons, and to resist the sieges which family feuds, civil wars, and rebellions caused to be of such perpetual occurrence. The Norman castle—to distinguish the more ancient part from the later structure raised shortly before the first revolution, during the reign of King Charles I. upon the terrace—was lofty and not large, but very strong, and surrounded by a *Pallium*, or Bailey-court.

This court was defended by a solid and lofty perpendicular wall, strengthened at intervals with towers, and, instead of being, as usual, surrounded by a ditch, or moat, was here protected in addition by the precipitous declivity, on the brink of which it partly stood. We will quote the description given, in his verbose style, by old Mr. Pegge.¹

"The Castle, my Lord, at present, may be said in one sense, to be a ruin; in another, not. For explanation of this I beg to observe, that, though the house at the north end, towering aloft with a great degree of magnificence, be in good order, and at this time an habitable, though not a very commodious dwelling; yet the other part, or main body of the edifice, as appears from the plate, is in a very ruinous condition, being, as we suppose, never completely finished at first, and many of the materials since then, both stone and timber, carried away, inasmuch that it is now, though the place was originally superb, in a very dilapidated state. In regard to the second particular, *its not being a ruin in any other sense*, I wish to note that of the first castellated fabric at this place, erected not long after the Norman conquest, as we shall show, not a single vestige now openly remains, but, as Lucan says of Troy, in Julius Cæsar's time, *etiam periere ruinae*."

Good Mr. Pegge was, however, mistaken upon several points, as will be seen from the following extract from Mr. Hamilton Gray:—

"If now an actual Norman castle, Bolsover—although very curious—cannot be regarded as an existing specimen, because it has been subjected to so many repairs and alterations that but little of the original structure remains. The present building may be called the Elizabethan restoration of a Norman castle, of which the ancient character has been preserved. The castellated portion of Bolsover, which is still inhabited, and in perfect repair, is reared exactly on the early Norman foundations, is of the precise extent and size of the Norman castle, and is built in part with the ancient Norman materials. Besides the foundations also the lowest portion of the castle are original, as may be surmised from the great thickness of the walls, and their general proportions."

According to Mr. Pegge's exaggerated account of the utter devastation of Bolsover, the present "keep" would be but a sorry sham, and as such entirely

divested of all antiquarian importance. But, happily, this is not the case—as shown by the latter statement, which ought to carry the more weight in this matter as coming from no less an authority than the present occupant of the place itself. Long before this restoration—or, rather, reconstruction—Bolsover had, however, ceased to be a fortress. From the end of the fifteenth century it assumed a more peaceful, though not less interesting character, by becoming, like many similar places, which had previously been devoted chiefly to warlike purposes, one of those noblemen's residences which were destined henceforth to adorn instead of threatening the rural districts of the provinces of the now peaceful and secure kingdom. In the year 1465, Henry VII. is mentioned as being Lord of Bolsover—which title he held, either as King of England, or as heir to his father, Edmund Tudor; the castle having upon a previous occasion been granted to the Tudor family as the Earls of Richmond. It now continued to be for upwards of a century either held by the Crown directly, or in the hands of some private individual as a royal grant, until it was disposed of by Henry VIII. who, in 1514, bestowed it upon Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. It reverted, however, once more by attainder to the Crown, when, after a short time, it was in 1552 granted in fee-favour by Edward VI. to George, Lord Talbot, who afterwards became sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. From this time Bolsover Castle has, during the last three centuries, always continued in possession of a subject; but in at least a portion of that period it has been the theatre of events not less remarkable than those which distinguished it when a royal stronghold or a baronial fortress. Sir Charles Cavendish, the third son of the famous Countess of Shrewsbury, perhaps better known under the familiar appellation of "Bess of Hardwicke," became the possessor of Bolsover, in the year 1613, by a family arrangement; and it was he who rebuilt the castellated portion as it exists at present. Huntingdon Smithson is re-

¹ Letter to the Duke of Portland, by Mr. Pegge, dated from Whittington, 26th Sept. 1785. Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica, vol. iv. Nichols.

ported as the architect, and he must have finished his work within the next three years—1616 being inscribed as the date of its restoration, over the lofty chimney-piece in the hall. Having accomplished this part of his work, Sir Charles began to build—or, rather, Huntingdon Smithson, the architect—that portion of the castle, the extensive and magnificent ruins of which still crown the terrace towards the south-west, and to which Mr. Pegge refers in the above-quoted pathetic passage. But, as he died in the following year, this work was only finished during the time of his son, Sir William Cavendish, who afterwards became so famous on account of his loyalty, first as Earl of, and subsequently as Duke of, Newcastle.

This extensive range of buildings, besides being erected separately from what may be termed the original part of Bolsover Castle, was also distinguished from it by an entirely different character. For, while the old Norman keep, or rather its modern imitation, was left standing, isolated, by itself, towards the north-east, occupying, with its Bailey-court and wall, a comparatively limited space only, these were erected in vast proportions and with stately grandeur, according to the style prevalent at the time, covering a considerable part of the level ground over the terrace towards the west. Besides a series of state-rooms, of lofty height and great dimensions—to which was added a magnificent gallery, 220 feet long by 28 feet wide—they contained all the accommodation necessary for a large establishment, as well as a studhouse and a fine riding-house, the massive oak beams and rafters of which are, to this day, in a state of nearly perfect preservation. The whole of this splendid pile formed a large kind of square, surrounding a spacious court, which was of sufficient dimensions to serve as a tiltyard during the brilliant feasts which were given by the loyal owner, when he entertained King Charles I. in 1633, on his journey to Scotland. Such was the splendour of those memorable and extravagant entertainments, that the grand banquet alone is said, upon good authority, to

have cost four thousand pounds—which sum represented in those days perhaps three times as much as it does now. But the Earl of Newcastle could well afford to spend that amount upon duly honouring his royal guests, for he was a rich man, having an income of no less than twenty-two thousand pounds a year. Lord Clarendon speaks of this famous dinner as “such an excess of feasting as had scarce ever been known in England before, and would be still thought very prodigious, if the same noble persons had not, within a year or two afterwards, made the King and Queen a more stupendous entertainment, which excess (God be thanked) no man ever after in those days imitated.” The Earl employed Ben Jonson in preparing the masques for the occasion; sent for all the gentry of the country to come and wait upon the King and Queen; and was so anxious to do all he could to render the reception worthy of royalty that he went to even greater expense than during former entertainments, so that this second royal visit is said to have cost him altogether not less than between fourteen thousand and fifteen thousand pounds.

All went well with the noble owner of Bolsover—he having, amongst other things, been created a Marquis—until the year 1644, when, the Great Rebellion having begun, he took the field, as a general, to defend his sovereign's cause.

Whilst the Marquis took the field, the castle was attacked by part of the Parliamentary army under General Crawford. But, as Bolsover had long ago ceased to be a regular fortress, the attempt to defend it could not be of a serious nature. The garrison it contained had been hastily made up of some few soldiers, assisted by a number of faithful tenants and servants, who were armed as best they could. When, therefore, General Crawford, on his arrival, had given an additional emphasis to his demand of surrender by a cannon-shot, fired at the western gate—and of which the mark can still be seen on the upper part of the right hand corner-stone—the place was given up without any further resistance being attempted. The whole

of the warlike spoils captured upon the occasion consisted of only one hundred and twenty old and rusty muskets. In other respects, the *plunder* was considerable.

The loyal Marquis's fortunes in war were not equal to his zeal in the royal service. When the king's affairs had grown desperate, and he himself had been defeated in Yorkshire, he went abroad, from Scarborough, first to Hamburg, and afterwards to Paris, where he married his second wife, Margaret, the sister of Lord Lucas, who proved herself a devoted wife and exemplary companion during the ensuing troubled times. For some years after this, the Marquis and Marchioness of Newcastle resided, in obscure retirement and great poverty, at Antwerp, where they lived by teaching and their literary labours. Notwithstanding all their prudence and management, their distress sometimes became so great that they were obliged to pawn some of their clothes. Neither of them, however, seems to have lost heart or to have felt unhappy. When the great storm had passed away, and they returned to England, the Marquis was raised to the rank of a Duke; and, recovering his estates and private fortune, he continued, for a number of years, to reside in peace, affluence, and happiness with his Duchess at Bolsover, where both died, and were buried in the neighbouring parish church.

In the course of time Bolsover became, after the extinction of the direct male line of this branch of the Cavendish family, the property, through marriage, of the Duke of Portland, who still possesses it, though for nearly a century none of the Bentincks have occupied it as a residence. The palatial portion, having been dismantled and partially unroofed about the same time, has ever since remained in the same state of picturesque ruin in which the visitor beholds it now. The old Norman keep, on the contrary, has always been preserved in good repair, and rears its venerable battlements as proudly far above all surrounding objects as in the days of the Lady Bess of Hardwicke. It is a castellated mansion, nearly

square, four storeys in height, and with turrets at each corner, except the north-east, where there is a higher tower. On the site of the ancient fortified Bailey-wall there is a broad wall, enclosing a curious garden, ornamented with a carved fountain and numerous stone alcoves and summer-houses. The drawing-room or pillar-room, says Mr. Hamilton Gray in the already quoted paper, has a beautifully-carved and arched roof, and the walls are covered with gilded wainscot, the upper compartments of which are ornamented with paintings allegorical of the five senses. To this a historical interest is added by the fact that, when the great Marquis of Newcastle entertained King Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria at Bolsover, Ben Jonson, in his masque of "*Love's Welcome*," composed for that occasion, introduces the five senses as waiting to welcome their majesties—the idea being obviously taken from the decorations of the room in which they were then received. The hall, kitchen, larder, and servants'-hall, are in like manner arched and supported on pillars. Nearly every room is adorned with an elaborately-carved chimney-piece, reaching to the ceiling, coming out in the form of a canopy, and supported on marble pillars, which, with the other peculiar ornaments, gives a curiously antiquated appearance to the apartments. The windows are rather irregular—some being very large, after the Elizabethan fashion, with a great number of small panes framed in lead; others, on the contrary, being hardly of the size of dormer windows. The interior of the building is very irregular. The different storeys are each out of level; and there are not two rooms of the same size and shape, but all of them differing materially from one another. In consequence of this, there are a number of intricate passages communicating in the strangest manner with the different staircases and rooms—the whole forming a kind of most puzzling labyrinth, in which a stranger almost invariably manages to lose his way. Over one of the doors, opening into a particularly sombre passage, there used until lately to hang a very remarkable picture, under

which one could not well pass, especially of an evening, without a certain feeling of awe, which was anything but diminished if, as sometimes would happen, the numerous small glass panes of an adjoining window were made to rattle lustily in their loosened leaden frames by a strong gust of wind striking against them. The picture is a full-length portrait of the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart, by the Italian painter Federigo Zuccharo, taken in 1590, at the time of one of her first visits to Court, when she was between twelve and thirteen years of age, and still living for the greater part of the year in rural peace and retirement with her grandmother, the famous Countess of Shrewsbury, either at Sheffield or at Hardwicke Hall. It is a very good picture, and represents her, in the fulness of childlike beauty and simplicity, in a standing attitude, dressed in a long white gown, after the fashion of the times, and with ample light hair, of almost flaxen colour, flowing loosely down over her neck and shoulders. The expressions of winning beauty and of a superior intelligence, as depicted by the skilful artist, tally exactly with the information which can be gleaned here and there from history about her person and disposition.

Besides this picture, which is unquestionably both the most authentic and also the best, there are several others of Lady Arabella Stuart. There is one at Hardwicke Hall, which, however, seems to be nothing more than an indifferent copy of Zuccharo's original, excepting that the dress is somewhat different in shape and of a dark colour. There are also two miniatures by Nicholas Hilliard, which have been exhibited at the Kensington Museum. Notwithstanding that this artist enjoyed high favour during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and established a considerable reputation as a painter of miniatures, the two portraits by him of Lady Arabella Stuart do not seem to be among the best specimens of his art. The countenance of Lady Arabella does not appear so beautiful in them as in the portrait taken by the Italian, and she looks considerably older. Still, there is in all the pictures of her a sufficiently striking

resemblance to prove that they refer to the same original. From the fact of the date of Zuccharo's picture being known, it is evident that the two miniatures by Hilliard were probably executed some five or six years later, most probably at the time when Lady Arabella was in London, at the Court of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth.

That the Lady Arabella Stuart was beautiful is shown by the three above-mentioned portraits; and that she was also intelligent, amiable, and accomplished in mind, is proved by the testimonies of several of her contemporaries, as well as by the almost undivided interest and sympathy she excited during her time. Queen Elizabeth, by no means a bad judge in those matters, said of her, though evidently not looking upon her royal niece with an over friendly eye :—"She is a girl of much talent, and speaks Latin, Italian, and French very well." This happened during her first appearance at Court, when she was only twelve years of age. Before September, 1588, Sir Charles Cavendish, her maternal uncle, wrote from Hampton Court to his mother, the Countess of Shrewsbury—

"My Lady Arbell (Arabella) hath been once to Court. Her Majesty spoke twice to her, but not long, and examined her nothing touching her book. (Here he was evidently mistaken). She dined in the presence; but my Lord Treasurer (Burghley) had her to supper; and at dinner, and dining with her and sitting over against him, he asked me whether I came with my niece. I said I came with her; then he spoke openly, and directed his speech to Sir Walter Raleigh, greatly in her commendation, as that she had the French, the Italian; played of instruments, danced and writ very fair; wished she were fifteen years old, and with that rounded Mr. (h) Raleigh in the ear, who answered it would be a happy thing. At supper he made exceeding much of her; so did he in the afternoon in his great chamber publicly . . . He has asked when she shall come again to Court."¹

That no small political importance was attached to her person, and the possible chances she might eventually have owing to her royal descent, is shown by the following extract from a letter of Lord Pembroke, written in October, 1604,

¹ Craik's *Romance of the Peerage*, vol. ii. p. 359.

from Hampton Court to the Earl of Shrewsbury:—"So may your princess "of the blood grow a great queen, and "then we shall be safe from the danger "of mis-superscribing letters," thereby alluding to what he had previously said, that "a great ambassador is coming from "the King of Poland, whose chief errand "is to demand my Lady Arabella in "marriage for his master." And probably she would have escaped all the misery that was in store for her, if this marriage with the King of Poland had been brought about; for she would then, at all events, not have been placed at the mercy of her cruel cousin, James I. But instead of becoming a foreign queen, she married, on the 13th of February, 1610, two years after her grandmother's death, Lord William Seymour, the Earl of Beauchamp's second son, at Greenwich, she being then thirty-three, he twenty-three years old. Notwithstanding this disproportion in their ages, it must unquestionably have been a true love-marriage; otherwise the two lovers would never have ventured to run so much risk in bringing about their union, nor would they have continued so faithfully attached to each other during their subsequent severe trials. "The great match," writes Sir Dudley Carleton to Sir R. Winwood, July 25, 1610, "which was "lately stolen betwixt the Lady "Arabella and young Beauchamp, provides both of safe lodging; the lady "close prisoner at Sir Thomas Parry's "house at Lambeth, and her husband "in the Tower." Melville, the Presbyterian divine, who was already an inmate of that dreaded prison on account of an attack he had made on the ceremonial of the service in the Chapel Royal, welcomed him thither with this distich:—

"*Communis tecum mihi causa est carceris; Ara
Bella tibi causa est, Araque Sacra mihi.*"

The subsequent escape, flight, and recapture, together with the final sufferings and the untimely death of the poor Lady Arabella Stuart, must be too well known to require repetition here. But, though there is nothing new to be said upon the subject of the Lady Arabella Stuart as a being of this world,

it is necessary, in order to complete our narrative, that we should state some particulars which have come into our possession about—well, reader, about—her ghost.

Tradition could hardly have assigned a more appropriate place than the Castle of Bolsover as the dwelling-place of the famous lady's spirit, excepting, perhaps, the neighbouring hall at Hardwicke; for this place as well as the latter belonged to her family, and she may very likely have visited its charming site more than once during the earlier years of her life, when she used to live in Derbyshire, if she did not actually reside there for any length of time. It is, at all events, whispered about among the people of the neighbourhood that the mansion and ruins of Bolsover enjoy the privilege of being haunted by her ghost; and there are all sorts of strange stories afloat, which one has no right to disbelieve or to deny, as long as they cannot be positively disproved. Here, at all events, is one perfectly true story of an incident which happened some thirty years ago. At that time, the master and mistress of Bolsover were, on a fine summer evening, walking upon the terrace in front of the Norman keep, waiting the arrival of some friends, who had written to say that they would pay them a short visit on their way to Scotland, when three carriages full of visitors drove up to the gate in rapid and unexpected succession, besides those who had previously made known their intention of coming. This sudden accession to the number of guests—all of whom, excepting the party which had arrived first, expressed a wish to stay for several days—necessitated, of course, all sorts of additional domestic arrangements—such as preparing more bedrooms, enlarging the dinner-table, &c.—so that for once again the old Norman fortalice resounded with the various noises of joyous hospitality. Its antiquated chambers were again occupied, from the ground-floor and servants' hall to the loopholed garrets, in such a manner as probably had never been known since the memorable occasion when the loyal Marquis of Newcastle feasted King

Charles I. within its walls. The evening was spent in a very pleasant manner; everybody was of good cheer, and the conversation was of the liveliest kind, turning chiefly upon the past glories of Bolsover, and the vicissitudes of its venerable battlements, as well as the eventful and romantic lives of many of its former occupants—amongst whom, as a matter of course, the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart was especially mentioned. Sundry stories of her ghost were probably alluded to; and, after having duly discussed her sad fate, and inspected her full-length portrait by Zuccharo, then hanging, as already mentioned, over the door of one of the numerous and intricate passages, the company retired to rest for the night to their various chambers. With the exception of two of the guests, the other inmates of Bolsover Castle seem during that night to have enjoyed their usual amount of undisturbed slumber. Whether these two had been more excited than the others by the subjects of their conversation, or whether the strangeness of the building, which must strike every new-comer, had affected their imagination more forcibly than that of the remainder of the visitors, cannot now be ascertained; at all events, they did not retire to bed at once. Mrs. S., an elderly Scotch lady, after having extinguished her bedroom candle in order to enjoy the view more fully, took up a position in her bedroom close to a small window, from which she continued to look out upon the beautifully moonlighted landscape. This dormer-window is upon the second-floor, under the high tower, but at no great elevation, and just above the broad walk, which now replaces the old breast-work upon the top of the Bailey-wall. It looks towards the north, so that Mrs. S. no doubt enjoyed the full view of this walk during her midnight meditation, as well as the more distant prospect over the picturesque valley of Scarsdale which extends below. Miss M.,—a young lady who seems to have felt equally disinclined to rest, but who was evidently more enterprising than the calm and contemplative-minded Mrs. S.,—

after having changed her evening dress for a more comfortable sort of attire, determined to sally forth upon a reconnoitring expedition, to which she was tempted by the delightful weather and the bright moonlight. After some little trouble she managed to get out of the house through a little door which leads out upon the broad walk upon the Bailey-wall from the first floor, but at the opposite end to that where Mrs. S.'s room was situated, towards which she was consequently walking after having left the keep. At first the whole of her attention was absorbed by the adjoining ruins of the palatial part of Bolsover, as well as by the strange summer-house cut in stone and the old fountain which still serve to ornament the garden within the semicircle of the wall. But, having gradually approached the northern end, and being now about fifty yards distant from the northern tower, she was very much startled, on looking up, to perceive, right in front of her, what she could not deem to be anything else than a spectral apparition. She saw the alarmingly distorted features of a woman, festooned by an ample and old-fashioned nightcap, glaring at her as she fancied with a pair of fierce eyes from close behind the aforesaid dormer window. Her emotion in consequence of this utterly unexpected surprise was so strong, that, though of a stout heart, she could not help standing still, at the same time throwing back her head and extending her arms. In consequence of this movement, her light-coloured hair, the long tresses of which she had allowed to fall loosely over her neck and shoulders, as well as her long white mantle spread out to both sides, gave her an attitude and look strongly resembling those of Lady Arabella Stuart, as represented upon the picture which hung in the passage. Although the hideous vision which so much disturbed her had vanished even more suddenly than she had perceived it, Miss M. did not tarry long upon the Bailey-wall after this adventure, but turned back as best she could to her chamber, there to await the return of daylight, and the solution of this mysterious incident.

When the company reassembled the following morning at breakfast, every body perceived that Miss M. could not have slept very well, and what seemed stranger was that Mrs. S.'s manner, who looked still more fatigued, had undergone totally an incomprehensible change. She who had been so agreeable by her cheerful cordiality, and had said only the evening before that it was her intention to stay for some days longer in this charming and interesting place, was now so cold and reserved that it almost annoyed the host and hostess, who were among her oldest and her best friends. From this it became evident to every one that something strange must have taken place during night, but of what nature nobody could as yet discover.

As, among the arrivals of the previous day, there was only one party of guests who intended proceeding on their journey in the afternoon, all the post-horses (for it was before the existence of railways in Derbyshire), excepting one pair, had been dismissed either to Sheffield or to Chesterfield. These

horses Mrs. S. sent for from the village, and, without giving any previous intimation, ordered them to be put to her carriage; whereupon she took an abrupt leave, without giving or asking for any explanation, and hastened on her departure, never again to revisit the dreaded regions of Bolsover. The poor lady died about ten years after this, without ever, as far as is known, having received a clue to the curious, and in itself harmless incident, which must have tasked her nerves and temper in such a severe manner. When the sensation caused by such, at the time, strangely unaccountable, and, to the rest of the party, sadly puzzling, behaviour, had subsided, and the confusion arising out of the misappropriation of post-horses had been obviated, the real truth began to transpire little by little from what Miss M. chose to mention; but it took years before the whole matter came out, and could be thoroughly sifted. It need hardly be said, that the two ladies had mutually mistaken each other for the wandering spirit of Lady Arabella Stuart.

GRANDAD'S BURIAL.

THEY laid him where he could not rise,
 Deep in yon graveyard's dreariest part,
 And there and then, before mine eyes,
 They hapt cold sods upon his heart.
 And that was how they served him, child,
 Down by yon little church below,
 My poor old Tim, my husband styled,
 And your old grandad, as you know.
 The mourners turned and soon withdrew;
 They knew not aught, but only guess'd;
 And I myself but little knew
 Of him whom yet I knew the best.
 'Tis little truly we can learn,
 Small knowledge ev'n the wisest hath
 Of those that slip our hold and turn
 Aside adown the shadowy path.
 And yet I knew the most of Tim:
 His grave's dread coldness I could tell,
 For every sod they heaped on him
 Was heaped on my own heart as well.

JAMES DAWSON, JUN.

OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER V.

FEMININE CHARACTER.

SIR DOUGLAS ROSS was considerably startled when, on the drawing-room door being opened, in lieu of receiving the usual commonplace and easy welcome accorded to morning visitors, he beheld Lady Charlotte sobbing bitterly in the depths of a very comfortable French *causeuse*, in which she was rather lying than sitting when the two gentlemen arrived. She lifted her embroidered handkerchief from her eyes for an instant, as if disturbed by their entrance, and then recommenced her weeping. The soft-eyed girl, who had sung the German "Good-night" the previous evening, was standing by her chair, with an expression of mingled perplexity and sympathy: she murmured, "Dear mamma, here are friends," in an expostulating tone, put out one hand shyly to greet Kenneth, leaning with the other on the back of her mother's chair, and repeated the words, "Here are friends."

"Zizine! Zizine! Zizine!" sobbed Lady Charlotte.

"Mamma, Zizine will do very well; you will see she will do very well; I will attend to her myself."

"How can you talk such nonsense, my dear Gertrude? I am sure she will die! Zizine! my poor little Zizine!"

Puzzled beyond measure, and wondering whether a little sister, grandchild, or favourite niece was the subject of lamenting, Sir Douglas made rather a stiff bow, and said hurriedly, "We have come at a most unfortunate moment; I hope there is no serious cause of anxiety; we will call again later in the day."

"Oh no, no; oh no, no; don't go

away; don't leave me; I am sure Mr Ross would not think of leaving me at such a time! He is always so friendly. Pray don't go—pray don't; it makes me worse, the idea of your going! It makes me worse!"

"Mamma will be better presently," added the daughter, in a low, vexed voice; and she glanced from Kenneth, who was biting his lip to repress the dawn of one of his insolent smiles, and looked appealingly in the graver face of his uncle.

"Can we do anything?" asked the latter, kindly.

"Oh, no! pray sit down. I will endeavour to be more composed—pray don't go—no one *can* do anything; it is most afflicting; but don't go. The fact is, Antonio has been so tormented by my English servants (and I am sure I would send every one of them away sooner than Zizine should suffer),—that he utterly refuses to stay with me. I offered him double what he engaged for as courier, but he won't! He said (it was so cruel of him!) he said"—and here a renewed burst of sobbing interrupted the explanation—"that—that it was ridiculous to expect him to stay for the sake of a '*piccola bestia*' (that was what he called Zizine), when he was made quite *triste*, day and night, by the enmity of my servants. Now, you know, they have no enmity at all to him; only they don't like him; and if he had any generosity he wouldn't consider his own feelings in the matter, but mine: think what a goose he must be to go and fret in that way about nothing! And Zizine will die; I know she will die!"

"Who is Zizine?" exclaimed Sir Douglas at last, with a little impatience in his voice.

He was answered by the soft-eyed

girl, grave, embarrassed, hesitating, with downcast lids. "Zizine—Zizine—is a little Brazilian monkey, of which mamma is very fond."

There was a moment's pause; and then she added, "We are all fond of mamma's pet. Mr. Ross knows Zizine."

And with the last words, trifling as they seemed, the melodious voice seemed to grow severe, and the eyes that had been so timid turned so full and pained a look of reproach at Kenneth, that Sir Douglas was positively startled.

Not so Kenneth, whose repressed smile broke into a little mocking laugh. "Yes, I do know Zizine; and I will introduce her to my uncle, or, to speak more respectfully, I will introduce my uncle to her; and if she does not snap his fingers off, he shall feed and caress her, and console her for Antonio's obduracy."

"Oh, Mr. Ross," whimpered Lady Charlotte, "how *can* you make a jest of anything so distressing. I am sure if your good uncle knew all! You are not aware, Sir Douglas, that this little creature—this precious little creature—will not eat unless fed by Antonio! It will not take food from any other hand; and what is to be done, if Antonio persists in leaving me, I am sure I don't know! I have been wretched about it all the morning!"

The shower of easy tears, after this last burst, seemed to clear off a little; and the possessor of Zizine listened with a ray (or a rainbow) of hope to Sir Douglas's assurances that a hungry monkey would take food from the most alien hand, sooner than go without it; and even ventured to hint that the valued Antonio himself must originally have been a stranger to Zizine, since she was brought from the Brazils; a remark which seemed to make a profound impression on Lady Charlotte, who pronounced it to be "*so true; so very true—and—and so very comforting;*" and she was quite surprised it had never occurred to her before. "But you know, Sir Douglas—Columbus's egg—you know!" And on seeing rather a puzzled acquiescence in her new friend's face,

she further explained herself by adding, "what nobody thought of till they saw it done, you know!" and with a tearful smile she gave a final flourish of the embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and settled herself for more cheerful discourse. Then she listened with rapt attention to a number of little anecdotes told by Sir Douglas, of instinct and wisdom in animals, such as would be narrated to an intelligent child; and when he wound up with the tragic incident of the suicide from grief, of a male marmoset whose little mate dying on shipboard, was thrown overboard; and told how, the very first day his cage was left accidentally open, the melancholy little survivor leaped over the ship's side at that identical spot, into the waves; and described the regret of all the sailors, who were of opinion that the ship should have been put about, though in wild weather, rather than that Jocko should have been allowed to perish,—Lady Charlotte vehemently exclaimed, "Oh! I think so too—I think so too!—How very cruel of the captain!" And as she and her guests stepped forth into the garden, and paced along the terrace, and through the Pergola shaded with vines, she remarked to Kenneth that she had never seen a more pleasant or gentlemanly man than his uncle—"and so travelled, too"—which phrase she explained, like Columbus's egg, and said she meant that he knew so many things, which, of course, he had picked up going so much about the world as she understood he had done.

And Gertrude too praised Sir Douglas, even to himself! She was leaning against one of the square stone supports of the loggia, the vine leaves with their tendrils dropping and curling round her uncovered head, pausing to let her companion admire the distant view of land and sea. "It was very kind of you," she said, "to amuse mamma; it took away all her nervousness."

Sir Douglas flushed a little. It was very pleasant being spoken to in such a friendly tone by this pretty girl; and he was rather shy, though his shyness

was not awkward like his friend Lorimer Boyd's.

"I was glad to amuse her. But you must not be angry with Kenneth for laughing a little: I had no idea it was a monkey that Lady Charlotte was so anxious about when I first saw her distress."

Gertrude shrank a little farther from her companion, and spoke in a low voice.

"I know; I was not exactly angry; but it vexed me. Mamma is not—that is, I mean, she is not one of those clever women with strong nerves, who do nothing that any one can smile at. I know mamma is not clever; but she is good and tender; she is tender to all she loves; and she is tender to all creatures—birds, and pets of all kinds. My poor father used to give them to her; he died of consumption, and he used to have them in his room; it is true he did not give her Zizine, but mamma has the habit of loving these things extremely—and—and I cannot bear that any one should seem almost to jest at her vexation!"

She trembled a little as she spoke; but that trembling—like the *tremolo* in her clear rich singing—gave no impression of weakness; and the touch of sternness was in her voice again at the final phrase, as it had been when she said that Kenneth "knew Zizine." Sir Douglas liked her for it. He liked the protection given by her own child to this sacred silly woman: sacred as a parent, even where weakness could not but be perceptible; sacred for the sake of duty and for the sake of scenes replete with sadness and reverent associations:—not to be laughed at by mocking lips; to be pitied, to be tenderly dealt with, even as she dealt, or was supposed to deal, with others. He felt that had he been the son of a silly mother he also would have dealt so by her; and his own mother's half-remembered, half-forgotten face, vaguely rose again to memory in presence of this girl, as it had done the evening before—leaving the impression, as it did then, that Gertrude Skifton "had a look of

her about the eyes." Dear eyes, that bent over his cradle, and were lifted to Heaven when he first learned to pray, and shone for a little way on in his childhood, and then vanished, leaving in those childish years such a comfortless blank of love.

When he left the Villa Mandóro with Kenneth, they walked a little way in silence; then Kenneth said, laughing, "Well, we had a fine scene there! That woman is an incarnation of folly, but the girl is very nice."

"Yes, the girl is very nice," assented Sir Douglas.

"I'm glad you like her," said Kenneth, carelessly; "for they are the only people (of your sort) I care to see here; and your friend, Lorimer Boyd, is in and out of their house like a tame dog. When he ain't in the Chancellerie you may look for him in the Villa Mandóro. I believe he means to take Lady Charlotte in hand, according to the advertisements, 'To ladies of neglected education.' He comes in like a tutor, with plans of Herculaneum, and drawings of Pompeian pottery, and tickets to see this, that, and the other, with most desperate industry."

"And does Lady Charlotte respond?"

"Well, not unless some magnates are to accompany her. Her whole soul (if she has a soul) seems to be occupied with the ambition of being always in a certain 'set,' wherever she goes. She is always triumphing in being invited, or lamenting that she and her daughter are 'left out,' or setting some little wheel in motion to 'get asked' somewhere. I believe she tolerates Lorimer Boyd (to whom she always listens with a stifled yawn), only as the well-spring and fountain of introductions she would not otherwise obtain in this place. She dines constantly at the English Legation, and goes to balls at the Neapolitan Court, and knows all the Principessas, Duchesses, Contessas, and Contessinas that rattle their carriages up and down the Chiaja; and if the whole government were subverted (as it certainly will be one of these days), it is my belief that she would transfer her allegiance

and her visiting cards to whatever potentates floated on the surface, and to whatever dynasty happened to reign."

"Well, it is an odd mania in a woman holding a certain and established rank herself in her own country; but when you know more of the world, Kenneth, you won't think it so very uncommon. Are they rich?"

"Yes, I think they are. I believe" (and here Kenneth hesitated a little)—

"I believe the daughter has an independent fortune; and her mother is bent on marrying her to some foreign grandee. She very nearly managed it with one of the Roman Colonnas, or some such great family, before they came here; but his family wouldn't hear of it, the young lady being a Protestant."

"I wonder Lady Charlotte would think of such a marriage!"

"Think of it! I assure you she clung to it as if she were drowning; and as to the religious part of the difficulty, she said she really had hoped better things from the confessor of the family, who seemed such a *suave*, well-mannered, sociable man, than to oppose himself to her daughter; and she was sure, Gertrude would not object to listen 'occasionally' to his exhortations, or even to go, 'now and then, with her husband the prince,' to the great Church festivals, 'but not as a customary thing; of course they could not expect that.' I really do think there never was such a goose born as that woman!"

If Sir Douglas thought his conceited nephew severe, he did not find his rational friend, Lorimer Boyd, a whit more indulgent with respect to his new associates. All the craving after fine acquaintance and frivolous gaieties, and all the insane planning about her daughter, was confirmed in his report. "And the worst of it is," concluded Lorimer, gloomily, "that she was once a great beauty."

Sir Douglas laughed. "How does that add to her offence?"

"By adding to her folly. She has all the *minauderies* and airs of a silly beautiful girl, being now but a silly elderly woman. I could box her ears

when I see her drooping her faded pendulous cheek to her skeleton shoulder, with a long ringlet of heaven-knows-who's hair in the fashion of a love-lock trailing over her scragginess. She always reminds me of some figure in Holbein's 'Dance of Death.' A most preposterous woman."

"Her daughter seems very different, and very fond of her, Lorimer. There must be some good in her, depend upon it."

"I suppose there is *some* good in every one. Her daughter—well! we see what bright freshness of vegetation springs up in tropic dust; what flowers burst through the crevices of those hot, barren walls! Poor child! half her time is spent in endeavouring not to seem ashamed of her mother!"

"No; she loves her mother," exclaimed Sir Douglas, eagerly.

"She must have a great deal of love to spare," said Lorimer Boyd, with something between a sigh and a sneer; "and, if it be so, it says much for the daughter, but nothing for the mother. Gertrude Skifton is like her father. I knew him: he died here. A man to love and to remember."

"Well, you must not dispute with my wise uncle," laughed Kenneth, "for he sets up to know more of these people in two days than those who have sat, as we have, for two months, within hail of Lady Charlotte's one ringlet almost every evening."

CHAPTER VI.

HOW ACQUAINTANCE RIPENS.

ALMOST every evening. It is astonishing how rapidly intimacy progresses in country houses, sea-side gatherings, and the small society of compatriots in a foreign town. If you know each other at all, it is almost impossible not to be what is called "intimate;" even though that degree of familiarity may lessen, or cease altogether, when the circumstances which produced it are altered, and when persons who were "great friends" at Rome, Naples, or Florence, choose to drop into being civil acquaintances, after

they once more carelessly congregate with the herding swarms of London. Lady Charlotte and her daughter Gertrude were the chief stars at Naples of many a pic-nic party and ball. Not that Gertrude was a great beauty, or her mother a wise woman, as we have seen; but because they were among the few well-connected English then in Naples, and "the set," as Lady Charlotte called it, with the addition of what was best of the "foreign set," mingled and met nearly every day in pursuit of the same aim—pleasure. The English are said to hold aloof from each other abroad; and there is a humorous passage at the opening of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," where he represents himself as meeting with a gentleman-like and conversible person, of whose chance companionship he was about to avail himself, but, *finding he was a compatriot*, he retired to his own room. Whatever may have been the case in Sterne's time, it is certain that the disposition now is rather the reverse; and though we hear of ladies in India, and officers' wives in regiments on foreign service, "flouting" each other in their own small circle; and in colonial society of ladies whom "nobody in the colony visits;" and everywhere of the various little monkey-copyings of exclusiveness performed by the Zizines who give themselves airs abroad—"captains' ladies," and "majors' ladies," "colonels' ladies," and "governors' ladies;" and "white ladies" who won't associate with "brown ladies;" and Creoles, and Mestas, and all sorts of other distinctions unknown to the great European family—yet, in a general way, the English are a sociable nation; and, beyond a certain cautious shyness as to the "respectability" of new acquaintance, there is no reluctance to come together.

But Lady Charlotte was of Scotch extraction, and the Scotch are yet more willing to "foregather," as it is called, provided it be with their "own folk." They are a scantier population than the English, with a scantier aristocracy and gentry. The tide of commercial success has not yet so flooded in among them (though it is fast advancing) as it has

amongst the English, sweeping away old feudal memories and landmarks. They know all about each other's families and "forbears," down to the twentieth degree of cousinhood; and both rich and poor, high and low, genteel and ungenteel, set a value on rank and connection far beyond the value set upon it in England, and set a value on their own nationality, which is a feeling distinct and apart. "Come of gude Scotch bluid" is a far greater recommendation among them than "come of a good old county family" is among the Southrons; and when that "gude stock" is also noble, the respect is unbounded. That

"Caledonia, stern and wild,"

which made so rough a nurse to poetic Burns, admits, *as a theory*, his noble line—

"A man's a man for a' that;"

but, as a matter of practice, it is certain that if her wayward guager had been a lord—if he had been a duke—if he had even been a laird—"Burns of Burndyke"—she would not have delayed the opportunity to *fêter* his genius till it became a centenary festival.

Lady Charlotte was a Scotchwoman; and she was glad to meet Lorimer Boyd and friends "from the North." She had even sought to establish a cousinhood between herself and Lorimer on the strength of some intermarriage between the Clochnabens and her own family in very remote times. And, at all events, she held him bound and responsible for her destiny in Naples, for fit introductions, and pleasant days. He had been very kind, she said, when Mr. Skifton was dying; "read to him, and that sort of thing," and very sorry for her and her daughter. That was more than two years ago now; and the grief for Mr. Skifton had begun to be wiped off the china slate of his widow's memory. She had not been a bad wife to him. Always very gentle; always very attentive when he was particularly ill; very sorry when he died. She wept very much the first time she saw her daughter in mourning, and when she was trying on her own weeds.

Indeed, "for a long time afterwards," as she impressed upon Gertrude, "she could not bear the sight of black crape," it always "brought the tears into her eyes, let her meet it where she would." But she was now beginning to be very cheerful and comfortable again; and had none of that depth of nature which, she observed, caused "a mere nothing" suddenly to "overcome that dear girl by reminding her of her poor father."

She was anxious, too, about Gertrude. She wished her to marry early, and marry well; and she was all the more uneasy about invitations and opportunities on account of various past circumstances connected with the long weary illness and climate-seeking days that had removed her from general society and "seasons" in London, where she had once been so much admired. And then, after she was left a widow, Gertrude had a bad cough, and was supposed to be threatened with the same complaint as her father, and she was advised to pass a "couple more winters in Italy" to recruit her strength; and, beyond and besides all this, there was the patent fact that her marriage with Mr. Skifton had rather put her out of that "set" to which it was her great aim to belong. It had been a love-match; a love-match not repented of by either party, and extremely advantageous in point of fortune to Lady Charlotte who had none. But, then, who was Mr. Skifton? He had every merit a man could have; but he did *not* come of a "good old stock," or of any known family. He was handsome, rich, elegant in manner, and singularly accomplished; but the careless question elicited by the news of his decease and Lady Charlotte's consequent widowhood, of "By the by, who the deuce *was* Skifton?" produced only the vague reply, "Well, I really don't know; I believe he was a very good sort of fellow. His father was a merchant, or a broker, or something; and his daughter will have money."

A little soreness consequent on this position, and a wavering puzzled notion that such circumstances had weighed

more with her recalcitrant foreign grandees than Gertrude's religion, troubled Lady Charlotte's mind; she had been rather humbled and annoyed at the escape from her very simple web of the young Colonna; and previous to Sir Douglas's arrival she had already been occupying herself with little fooleries and flatteries to Kenneth, who, *faute de mieux*, would, she thought, make a good husband for Gertie (in her view of a good husband), being well off himself and heir to old Sir Douglas. Her efforts however, being confined to what chaperons call "bringing the young people together," and the encouragement of much singing of Scotch ballads in alternation with more cultivated music, she did neither good nor harm; and that is more than can be said of the majority of match-making or match-hoping mothers.

Neither was she, in fact, very anxious about it; for, after all, either here or elsewhere, some great duke, prince, or count might suddenly fall in love with her daughter; and she *might* wish that instead of Mr. Ross; and it would be very embarrassing to have to "throw over" Kenneth, and not very ladylike.

So things were suffered to take pretty much their own course; and a very pleasant course it was for all parties. Lorimer Boyd was as friendly as possible, and Kenneth exceedingly attentive, though now and then he teased Lady Charlotte by little mockeries and *persiflage* which she only half understood and feebly rebutted; and Sir Douglas, "in his way" was charming too. Lady Charlotte took great pains to please him; and never felt uneasy with him as she did occasionally with his nephew. She had just prudence enough "in case it ever came to anything between Kenneth Ross and Gertie," to avoid all allusion to her knowledge that the nephew was thought very wild. It would be very foolish to set his rich uncle against him, and *all* young men ran a little wild at his age and abroad. And she used to try a little feeble flattery with Sir Douglas — her head very much to one side, and

her slender fingers twirling that long young ringlet which she had made sole inheritor of her own departed love-locks, and which kept Lorimer Boyd in a chronic state of dissatisfaction. Modulating her voice to a sort of singing whisper, like a canary-bird at sunset, she ventured little hints of admiration as to his looks; and how he must "have been" much handsomer than Kenneth; and she bantered him about his "dreadful bravery" and his probable relationship to the "Parliament Captain," the Ross of 1650, and talked of the taking of Montrose, and made Gertrude repeat a stanza that she "saw in an old book, but what book it was had gone out of her poor head,"—

"Leslie for the kirk,
And Middleton for the king;
But deil a man can gie a knock
But Ross and Augustine!"

But it was when Brazilian Zizine fell ill ("like a fellow-creature," as Lady Charlotte expressed it) that Sir Douglas's favour rose to its climax! He actually gravely inspected Zizine; he brought remedies, and seemed to pity the little dumb beast; and he talked with Gertrude of its "plaintive captive eyes," while he fed it. And Lady Charlotte was overheard saying of him, in most unintelligible Italian to the Contessa Rufo, that "*Avendo potuto essere uno generale, nondimeno aveva guarito Zizine!*" on which the pretty Contessa, with a warm Southern smile, pronounced Sir Douglas to be "*tanto amabile!*" though she had not the remotest idea what meaning her friend wished to convey, or what the possibility of his becoming a general had to do with his feeding a monkey.

His tenderness, however, to Zizine was not all. He amused Lady Charlotte, who declared that talking to him was "like sitting with the Arabian Nights." "No, Mr. Kenneth need not laugh; for of course she did not mean that she could sit with the Arabian Nights,—or with any other stories; but he knew well enough that what she really meant was, that his uncle told them so many pleasant things." She

had daily driven up and down the Chiaja till she was weary, and daily inspected what Gertrude called the "playthings" at their pretty villa: playthings of which all Italians are very fond. Strange slender bridges over artificial streamlets; garden traps that when trodden on send a sprinkling shower over the head of the startled visitor; grottoes, and gilt gazebos, and Chinese summer-houses, and thatched rustic lodges. But she had not seen the graver sights of Naples, as a dowager who had more acquaintance with history or even with Murray's guide-books might have done: so that much novelty cropped and budded out of the old places, in consequence of being with the new companionable friend.

People see things under such different aspects! When Stendahl published his "*Rome, Naples, and Florence, in 1817,*" all that he chose to describe in his opening pages—whether the better to mask subsequent expressions of political opinions, or from any other motive—was the eagerness with which he flew to the theatres, and what operas were performed at the various cities he visited during his tour. His account of his first entrance into Milan is, that the immediately went to La Scala; and his description of Naples is confined to the fact, that San Carlo being shut, he rushed to the Fiorentini. He mentions that "two playhouses have been discovered at Pompeii, and a third at Herculaneum;" and as to the beauties of Nature, he disposes of them in his diary thus:—"25 *Fevrier. Je reviens de Pæstum. Route pittoresque.*"

An English lady who had arrived by sea at Lisbon sent her coachman and lady's-maid to amuse themselves with the sights of the new foreign city. The coachman returned filled with melancholy contempt for the inferior "turn-out" of the Portuguese nobility as to carriages and harness: the lady's-maid said she (like Stendahl) had been to the opera, and thought the ladies' necks were in general far too short (though they wore some fine necklaces), and that their inclination to *emboupoint* was very

remarkable ; figures, indeed, that she " would have no pleasure in dressing."

Sir Douglas's mode of seeing Naples might be no better than that of his neighbours, but it had the merit of entertaining Lady Charlotte Skifton. He was full of "historical gossip;" to which she used to listen most attentively, pulling the young ringlet nearly straight, and looking round as if she vaguely expected to see the people and events he conjured up. She "could not eat her dinner" for thinking of young Conradin—titular king of Sicily from the time he was two years old till he was sixteen,—and then, (at that boyish age !) led out to execution in the marketplace with his uncle Frederic of Austria; Pope Urban having aided Charles of Anjou to defeat and take him prisoner. She implicitly believed the doubtful story of his mother sailing into the Bay of Naples with black sails to her ships, and untold treasure as ransom, too late to rescue her murdered and courageous boy. She was "afraid she was almost glad" at the increased hatred of the French which that execution inspired, till in the rolling course of years, at a certain Easter, 1282, every Frenchman in Sicily, except one, was murdered.

She thought Queen Joanna's conduct "really now so very abominable," twisting a silk cord of variegated colours, and answering her inquisitive husband that it was "to strangle him with," so playfully that he believed she was joking till the horrible threat came true. She was delighted to hear that Queen Joanna was herself smothered afterwards, after many more years of crime, and she looked at the dark, gaping windows of her ruined palace in the Bay, with awe and satisfaction.

As to Masaniello, and his rebellion and brief triumph—she said she "knew all about him"—except that the people had sewed his head again to his body, and obliged the Government to give him a state burial after his downfall and massacre,—"because she had seen the opera of Masaniello several times : only in the opera there was nothing about what happened after he was killed."

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Newer to her was the hanging of Admiral Caraccioli (that blot upon the fame of Nelson !), and the well-attested story of the body of the Italian admiral floating upright, to the consternation of the sailors, in the wake of Nelson's ship, from the imperfect weighting down of the corpse when flung into the sea.

Her interest as to the disputed fact whether Pozzuoli was the place where St. Paul landed, was weak to the absorbed attention with which she devoured the details of the murder of Agrippina by order of her own son, the Emperor Nero. The picture of this proud, profligate, energetic old woman, betrayed into a galley contrived like those in the time of the French *Noyades*, to give way and sink under her,—her escape, after being hit on the head by a slave with an oar, her floating, swimming, and struggling to the shore at Baie, and being taken to her own Lucrine villa only to be afterwards assassinated in her bed there,—had a fascination, not un-mixed with a sensation of terror for Lady Charlotte, moving her to observe that it was impossible for her to hear such a story, in the very place where it had happened, without being thankful no one could put *her* "on board a boat that was all to crack and come to pieces," or come and kill her at the Villa Mandorlo "only because somebody else had ordered it."

CHAPTER VII.

FAST YOUNG MEN.

SWIFTLY the days passed on ; and it became almost a usual ceremony in the little circle to end each day with "What shall we do to-morrow ?" When Sir Douglas first arrived, indeed, there had been grave talk of instant departure ; of breaking up bad habits by removing Kenneth from scenes of idle temptation ; and of all sorts of reforming and repressive measures. But it is not so easy to move a full-fledged young gentleman of Kenneth's disposition, from a place that happens to hit his fancy. His uncle's

arrival, if not followed by any very real reform of conduct, had certainly secured greater decency; and he bore with patience (or comparative patience) the brief anxious lectures which followed the examination of very complicated and uncertain calculations as to general debts; and debts of "honour;" loans made (half from careless generosity, half from vanity) to idle young foreigners, who had no earthly claim upon his assistance; jewellery squandered on their female associates; and all the embarrassments from which,—had he probed his own heart for the truth,—he expected to be relieved by the very simple expedient of getting his uncle to "pay them off."

Nothing is more curious, in these cases of extravagance, than the puppy-blindness which does not see,—in that first stage of manhood,—that if such debts are "paid off" by some relative or friend, the items of which they were composed were acts of meanness, and not acts of generosity. If the phrases usual on such occasions were put into the language of the pleasant old story of the "Palais de la Verité,"—where people said, not what they intended to say, but spoke the "naked truth,"—how very extraordinary those sentences would sound! Conceive a man addressing his friend thus: "My dear fellow, certainly I will lend you a couple of hundreds. I'll give you all my three sisters' music-lessons, new dresses, and jaunts to the sea-side for this year: and there's pale little Fanny, who costs my mother a good deal in physician's advice. I'll give you all her doctor's fees for six months or so, and she shall go without. I would not be so stingy as to refuse a friend such a paltry sum as you've asked of me,—no, not for the world."

Or thus:—

"I made little Justerini the dancer such a splendid present last Christmas! I gave her three years of my fat old father's plodding work as head-clerk with Tightenall and Co.! He's getting old, you know: drowsy of an evening: tired out in fact: had rather a hard life of it: a good many of us to provide for. But I was determined I'd give her

the earrings. I'd have given double, ay, six years of his hard-earned salary, sooner than not have behaved handsomely to her about them!"

Or thus:

"I can't stand a fellow refusing his chum such a paltry favour as belonging to a club, or sharing a yacht, or taking half an opera-box with him. I know I didn't hesitate a minute when Tom Osprey asked me. I gave him my mother's carriage-horses, and little Sam's favourite pony, and my father's hunters, and that little box at Twickenham where they used to go for change of air in summer,—before Tom had half done explaining about it. I'm not one of your backward fellows. I always come forward like a man, when a friend wants anything."

Or thus—liberal only to Self, instead of Self and Co.:—

"I always say there are certain things a fellow can't do without. *Must* make a certain figure, and have certain comforts. I like to enjoy life, and see other fellows enjoy it. Life is not worth having if you don't put some pleasure into it! I was obliged to have all my old grandmother's sables and shawls last winter,—(you know she brought me up, my mother was too poor to do it);—and the portion she had put by for my Cousin Bessie: couldn't do without, I assure you; not, at least, so as to live like a gentleman. Can't see why Cousin Bessie should be in any hurry about marrying, or why the confounded prig she's engaged to makes such a point of what he calls 'mutual means of support.' All I know is, I couldn't do without her portion, and grandmother's Indian shawls and Russian sables; that's fact."

Or even thus:—among a set where shawls and sables and marriage portions are alike unknown:—

"You say you wonder, because I'm a poor curate's son, how I can get on at college? That's all you know about it: of course it's difficult; and I'm put to it to give wine-parties, and so forth, like other fellows—but it's to be done with proper management. If I take six days

in the week butcher's meat that my brothers and sisters would eat; and all the coals and blankets the old women in the village used to get,—and my father's two glasses of port wine which my mother fancied kept his throat from relaxing for Sunday duty,—and a year or two of Dick's schooling, (who scarcely needs it, for my father gives him all his spare time, and he's a sharp fellow by nature), it comes to a good lump of money in the end; and, if there's still some debt left, I've no doubt I can grind it out of them sooner than seem shabby to these fellows at Oxford."

Ah! how many a true tragedy lies under this apparent farce of words! How many a "fine, spirited young gentleman, very free with his money," steps out of his hotel in the sight of admiring waiters, drawing on a pair of straw-coloured gloves in preparation for a day's pleasure—tossing double his real fare to the cabman to be driven rapidly to the place of rendezvous: and then talking to the boon-companions he joins, it may be, of poachers on his father's estate; of some servant of his own turned away, as an idle vagabond and a thief, for taking his master's cigars and silk-handkerchiefs; of "being regularly swindled out of his money" by some jeweller who, according to custom, has sold him a set of studs and a gold ring for treble their real value,—to whom it never once occurs that the *tu quoque* of these various accusations would be but his own just due!—that he, also, is an idle vagabond, living on what he never earned; a "poacher" on the better means of better men;—a "swindler" in the acquirement of things unpaid for, or the profitable interest on which is lost in the uncertainty and delay of payment;—yea, it may be a most daring robber, whose "stand and deliver" threatens more than the lives of those whose substance has to be surrendered to him, since it threatens disgrace and ruin to himself (and through him to all connected with him) if they do not suffer themselves to be stripped of their goods, and consent to the extremity of sacrifice!

And fathers may toil, and mothers may darn, and many a Bessie pine, and many a Fanny sicken for sea-air, and many a little Dick lose his schooling; and so long as the cause of all these troubles does not actually pick pockets in the streets, or garotte unwary passengers on the highways and byeways where business or pleasure calls him, he contentedly believes himself to be living the life of a gentleman and an honest man, and would knock the offender down who dared to dispute that position.

Kenneth Ross doubted as little of his title to be thought "a thorough gentleman," as others of his creed. And yet it is certain that he expected his friends, his tradesmen, his gambling-debts, and his follies, to be paid for out of his uncle's money; was perfectly content that all his vicarious acts of generosity should (like his debts), be set down to his own credit, but, in truth, be provided for by this other man; and had never even given a single thought to what his situation, or the situation of his motley crowd of creditors would be, should his own means fall short, and his uncle, wearied out at last, refuse to supply the deficit.

But why should he give it a thought? Was he not his uncle's heir? He knew he was to be his heir. At least he had always expected it, ever since he was a child, and he believed Sir Douglas had always intended it.

Yes, Sir Douglas certainly had intended it. Up to a certain evening—the evening of a day of glory and beauty and sunshine, spent in an expedition to Sorrento—he *had* intended it, though he did not know that Kenneth built upon it; and even that first night which saw him waver in such intentions, saw him also wakeful, weary, and tender, full of yearnings to his nephew, and occupied till early dawn with anxious repetitions in his own mind of wise counsel and explanation, though both counsel and explanation were to make it clear to Ross of Torrieburn that Ross of Glenrossie was assisting him for the last time!

But Torrieburn's past experience was

very much against any very settled belief in such a declaration as to Glenrossie's future proceedings.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY AT SORRENTO.

As the lovely Italian spring advanced, the question, "What shall we do to-morrow?" was answered more and more boldly; and the little intimate circle that had mingled with Royal balls, and musical routs, during more wintry weather (for even Naples has its winter), and whose members had availed themselves of Italian hospitalities, began to draw more and more together, seeking, as strangers naturally would, their chief pleasure in excursions among scenes, the beauty of which will for ever be described in vain in guide-books, itineraries, and travels, since not all the glowing words that were ever strung together can convey a hundredth part of the impression made on the senses by actual experience. It is a favourite phrase with poets, that we should "conjure up a vision" of such and such objects; but no magic can conjure up, to one who has never yet beheld Southern Italy, the sudden irradiation of our common world that takes place. It is the nature we always knew—but it is nature illuminated! Colour is deeper and brighter, seas are more dazzling, sunrise and sunset are inconceivably richer, mountains have gradations of purple which no pencil can translate. The wasteful wealth of fruit and flowers sets us dreaming of Eden instead of our digging and delving climes; and the very people who dwell in these favoured regions seem endowed with a quicker life. Eyes have a depth of shining, and teeth a glitter in smiling, and cheeks a warmth of glowing, that the north can never show. Like Wilson's cloud, of which he says—

"E'en in its very motion there was rest,"

even in their very indolence there is passion; and that *dolce far niente*, of which we hear so much and understand so little, is more like the tranquillity of

their own slumbering volcanoes, than the settled calm which alone among us would produce it. Or, to take the less grandiose simile of Lorimer Boyd in discussing the subject with Sir Douglas, it is the difference between the contented grazing of the bovine race, and the sleek and sleepy yawning of the hunting leopard. There is real quiet in the one, there is only temporary inaction in the other.

And though the simile might not be over-complimentary, Lorimer Boyd loved the Italians. He praised their simplicity, the absence of affectation, the loving nature of their women. He denied the inferiority of their men. He held that all of best and brightest in Europe came originally from Italy. He counted over the roll of the old heroic names, and came down, with an excuse for every blotted entry in history, to those later times when even her artists had fought as soldiers, and her priests governed as statesmen. He would not admit, without opposition, even Sir Douglas's censure of the Neapolitan nobility. What could be expected of men who were only too well aware that Government had no feeling towards such as might be marked for distinction, but that of jealousy? Take away the occupation of literature and politics, freedom of action, and great landed interests, from the youthful nobility of Great Britain; take away their natural stake in the prosperity of their country; and what would remain even for them but the pursuit of pleasure and the driving on of aimless days? Besides, Naples was not Italy. In that often taken and retaken town there was scarcely a nation whose blood did not mingle with the original race. French and Spanish, German and English, Greek and even Turkish, currents are in those idle veins. And because Kenneth had found a set of profligates and gamblers there—as he could have found a set of idlers and gamblers in Paris or in London—was Sir Douglas to pass a sweeping judgment over the land, or attribute to the aristocracy of Naples any increase in his anxieties respecting his wayward

nephew? As well might he consider it the fault of the fishermen in the islands of Ischia or Procida.

Those anxieties were perpetually haunting Sir Douglas, so much so that once or twice he let fall a word respecting his hope that Kenneth "would make creditable friendships" even to Gertrude,—recurring eagerly to his own love in youth and boyhood for Lorimer.

And Gertrude looked grave, and said, "I know what you feel. I had once a brother."

Sir Douglas asked Lorimer about this brother. He had known them all. Did he resemble Gertrude?

No. He was exactly like his most ridiculous mother, clothed in a tail-coat instead of female habiliments—if possible even more silly, more vain, and certainly less well-tempered; and it was anything but a subject of regret that he had pre-deceased his father, for he would have been a plague instead of a protection to his mother and sister.

"How old do you suppose Miss Skifton may be? She is very grave and staid for a girl."

"She is two-and-twenty. I know her age. And she has seen much of life and its cares even for those years." And Lorimer Boyd sighed.

Sir Douglas mused on her tone and look when she said, "I had once a brother;" and on a hundred other instances which impressed his memory though they seemed mere nothings. There are persons who talk much and readily of their feelings, and who yet leave you in uncertainty both as to the sincerity and the motive of their confession; and there are others whose rare allusions to themselves and their private joys or sorrows seem to come like gleams of light, showing their whole inner nature. Sir Douglas would have been at a loss to explain why the little he had ever gleaned from Gertrude Skifton respecting herself had filled him with such intense sympathy and approval; such a conviction that her character was one of mingled gentleness and strength; fondness and girlish dignity; reserve

and a subdued eagerness—which pleased him better than all the open enthusiasm in the world! He loved in her the cherishing of her foolish mother; the adoration for her dead father's memory; her easy courtesy to strangers; her sweet frank friendliness with those whom she acknowledged as intimates: with Kenneth, and Lorimer Boyd, and —himself. This last admission Sir Douglas made with a little hesitation. Her welcome of him was shyer than her welcome to them. Well, he would not have had it otherwise—she had not known him as long; and he remembered with pleasure the beautiful blush which overspread her face once when she said, "I do not feel that you are so much of a stranger as I should; because Mr. Lorimer Boyd used to read your letters aloud sometimes, when you were in India, to my poor father; indeed very often he used to read us one; my father enjoyed them so." The expression of her countenance was always lovely: lovely when her eyes were downcast (as indeed was habitual with her), and lovely when she slowly raised them, as she did on this occasion, with a sort of innocent appeal in them, as though they said, "I know I am blushing, but it is not for anything of which I need feel ashamed."

He thought of her perpetually; and settled in his own mind that there was not in her one iota that he could wish to see altered, or that could be changed for the better.

And Lady Charlotte was quite pleased with his evident approval, for she felt "if ever it came to anything between Kenneth Ross and Gertie," here would be one great step gained for all subsequent arrangements.

And now they were to have one of their customary holidays, and spend the whole bright day at Sorrento: the little smiling Contessa Rufo, and a German couple, to whom she was "doing the honours" of the sights of Naples, being the only strangers of the party.

Lady Charlotte got but one scanty story from Sir Douglas; (the death of Pliny, which she declared she had never

heard before), and then she chatted with the Contessa, her companions being absorbed in the beauty of the moving panorama before them. They had left Naples at an hour unknown to indolent Londoners, and the early glory of morning yet fell on the tideless sea as they wound through the narrow roads surmounting the Bay of Castellamare; dotted with pointed white sails like wings, and showing on its rippled surface those strange dappled patches of green and purple which vary the blue of the ocean whenever it nears the shore.

Lovelier and lovelier grew the scene as they proceeded onwards. In odd nooks of the lofty cliffs nestled houses as white as those distant sails; fruit-trees and vines surrounded them; gay foliage mantled the rocky ledges; and here and there the eye could rest on the glistening tops of thickly-planted orchards of orange and lemon trees, looking like rounded domes of emerald, clustering far down in the hollows.

Fig trees, with their broad dark leaves, and vines in tender transparent green, mocked the grey volcanic ruggedness of the lofty rocks, as they came in sight of Sorrento. Little rude staircase-like paths straggled downwards to the caverns and coves of the beach, inviting the feet to explore them. Groups of fishermen, with women and children, loitered and basked here and there, clothed in those bright vestments in which all southern people delight. Now and then echoes of laughter, or the fragment of a simple song, came floating up on the air with that wonderful distinctness with which sounds are heard along a rocky shore,—airs which Gordigiani's exquisite setting have since made famous, and which, perhaps, it required that composer's fine and sensitive taste to strip from their ruggedness as we strip off the shell of the almond, denuding the veiled melodies from nasal and husky tones, and sending them forth to the world full only of such gentle passion as breathes in the "*Bianco visin*," and the "*Tempo Passato*;" familiar to us now from many a sweet and tutored voice even in our own land.

Lorimer Boyd had known Gordigiani's daughter. He described that sweet ethereal creature to Gertrude: her large spiritual eyes, like the eyes we imagine those of a guardian angel; her smile, faint and tender as the serenest twilight; her pretty bashful pride in being able to compose words to her father's music. But she was gone—passed away like the echo of her own songs—taken in the early prime of her sweetness, scarcely living even to the time indicated by the poetic French epitaph written on one almost as lovely:—

"Rose, elle a vecu ce que vivent les Roses,
L'espace d'un jour!"

They were still talking of this young Italian and her genius; and Sir Douglas was murmuring to himself the Scriptural words, "When the ear heard her, it blessed her,"—less with any thought of Gordigiani's angel-daughter, or a yet fitter reference to "works of necessity, piety, and charity," than in remembrance of the tremulous contralto of the English girl at his side,—when a wild shriek, followed by that wonderful amount of exclamatory appeals to Madonnas and Saints of different altars, common among the Italians, startled them into attention.

The carriages were to meet them at a given point, and they had been traversing part of their road upon mules; Gertrude riding by her mother, till they had paused to gaze at the town and beach, and then falling a little into the rear with Lorimer and Sir Douglas while speaking of Gordigiani's music; the Rufos with their friends coming next; and Kenneth and Lady Charlotte a little in advance. Lady Charlotte was in high spirits, replying to Kenneth's constant *persiflage* with more *aplomb* than usual; pricking her mule from time to time with the coral points of her white silk parasol, and laughing foolishly like a school-girl at any little difficulties in the route. Presently the mule suddenly stopped. "Oh, you obstinacy, won't you take me on 'cause I'm such a giddy thing?" giggled the

rider, giving a final prod at the mule's ear with the ornamented parasol. The steel of the light parasol snapped; the sharp end entered the ear of the animal, which swerved, put its head down, and set off at a pace anything but safe or pleasant in poor Lady Charlotte's opinion. All the other mules, accustomed to act in concert with parties of sight-seers, set off at a like pace. Lady Charlotte screamed, the guides shouted, and a perfect Babel of voices sent up prayers to heaven for protection, mingled with curses of the poor beast on earth. Kenneth at first leaned back in his saddle in a fit of inextinguishable laughter at the ridicule of the whole scene. Fat Count Rufo, pulling in vain at the hard mouth of his *monture*, and bounding in his saddle like an India-rubber ball; his pretty countess laughing also, as she careered along, flying past Kenneth with her ancles much more exposed than at the decent commencement of her ride; the German couple, also at full speed, looking helplessly at each other as they fled together like the hapless pair in Bürger's *Leonora*; and Lady Charlotte, the primary cause of all this erratic disturbance, making involuntary *soubresauts* on and off her frightened mule, such as are performed by light and nimble professionals for the entertainment of the audience at Astley's.

But all laughter was merged in fear, when the mule made a false step on a path close to the precipice, that crumbled beneath its tread; then scrambled to recover its footing, unseating Lady Charlotte in the operation, and dragging her a few yards, pinned by many folds of careful shawling, and so utterly unable to extricate herself. Before the sharp, bitter shriek from Gertrude had died thrillingly on the air, the gentlemen of the party had reached the poor frightened woman, and rescued her from further danger. Sir Douglas had been first; leaping from his mule, which he suffered to roam at large, and not attempting the dangerous experiment of riding after her. They were close to Sorrento, close to the

Hotel di Tasso, where already rooms and refreshments had been ordered in anticipation of their arrival. Lady Charlotte was easily carried there, and laid, half-fainting from fright and shock—but not otherwise the worse of her Mazeppa-like career—on a *chaise longue* in one of the bedrooms.

Kenneth helped to carry her in, and, with a returning smile, congratulated Gertrude on her mother's safety. Gertrude smiled too, vaguely, with a confused, tearful look at Kenneth, in acknowledgment of being spoken to, rather than as hearing the exact words; and then Kenneth Ross retreated to compliment and re-assure pretty Countess Rufo, and Gertrude knelt down by her mother. Sir Douglas was still arranging pillows and shawls. If he had been waiting upon the venerable and unfortunate Queen Amelie of France, he could not have attended to her with more tender respect. He paused, and looked down on her as she lay. Gertrude's mother! That useless — inestimable life! As he paused, the kneeling girl looked up at him; she voluntarily extended her hand to clasp his. "Oh! I thank you so!" was all she said.

The warmth of the sun, when it glitters through rain in those warm southern climes, when the rapid storms are over, and the red geranium and pale violet take glory from its rays—what was it to the warmth of Gertrude's eyes, shining through their haze of agitated tears! Her gaze thrilled the heart of him she addressed; his hand trembled as it pressed hers. Hers, that white hand with its modelled fingers—

"Lovely tapering less and less,—"

whose graceful and nimble passage over the notes of the piano he had so often watched in the accompaniments to her welcome songs. He blessed her mentally for the eager movement which had so given it, warm and gloveless, into his cordial grasp; and whether after that sudden clasping it was dropped by him, or withdrawn by her, he was made too giddy by such contact to remember.

It must have been withdrawn; for

one spectator whom both had forgotten—Lorimer Boyd—passed *his* hand over his brow with a sense of pain, and muttered—"She is in love with Douglas!"

In love? No girl "in love" would leave her hand to be clasped as friendship only, with its firm light satisfied hold should clasp it, if that electric thrill which flashes love's messages from heart to heart told her she either loved or was beloved. Let us then believe, for Sir Douglas's sake, that the white hand was withdrawn, and that the trembling downcast look with which Gertrude listened to his further reassurances (made in rather a different voice from usual), as to Lady Charlotte's condition, resulted rather from tender embarrassment than from any lingering misgiving as to her mother's danger.

Lady Charlotte had indeed sustained no hurt. Her extreme fragility and slenderness had caused her to fall so lightly, that not a bruise was discoverable beyond a little abrasion on one of her wrists; and the quantity of soft shawls of very rich texture, slipping with her as she fell, made a sort of cradle for her head and shoulders during the brief interval of risk, when she was dragged along the path by the rocks.

"But it *might* have been very serious; I *might* even have been killed, mightn't I?" she repeated over and over again, not without a little feeling of pleasure at having been the heroine of so dangerous an adventure. And as often as Gertrude assented, and pressed her lips on the faded face, with—"It might, indeed, my poor little mother!" so often did Lady Charlotte, with a sort of cooing murmur of pity for herself, assiduously smoothe and twine round her finger the ringlet, which had been made terribly dusty and unsightly during the *culbute* of its possessor, and had required more than ordinary care to restore it to form and brightness. The Hotel di Tasso overhangs the sea, and on that side at least there is comparative silence. Lady Charlotte, therefore, wearied by her inauspicious ride, and lulled by the sound of gently-lapping waves far beneath the windows, and by

the heat of the afternoon sun, carefully as it was shut and shaded from her, soon fell fast asleep. For a short interval Sir Douglas and Gertrude remained motionless, listening to her measured, slumberous breathings. Then he proposed to her daughter to come out, to join the rest of the party, who had already braved both heat and fatigue, and clambered to the Capo di Sorrento: and they sallied forth, not unwilling to enjoy their walk according to the implication conveyed in that sweet Irishism, "alone together," the "*presque seule*" of the pretty French widow, who was asked if she was going alone into the country.

And now all again was gladness, and all again was bloom and beauty; wild flowers sparkled along the shore, even to the very verge of Neptune's domain. On the lovely headland grew tufted patches of myrtle, and the tall pointed white heather which gleams like the ghost of some unknown harvest of another world. Down in the dreamland, under the far away sea, lay shifting shadows of broken white fragments, which are held to be (and why should they churlishly doubt it?) remnants of palaces and temples, over which the waters have closed, as over O'Donoghue and his white horse and valiant retainers in our own island of fairy traditions. Fatigue was unfelt; that air of which the elder Tasso spoke—

"Si vitale, che gl'nomini che senza provar,
Altro cielo ci vivono, sono quasi immortali,"

fanned their faces, and made the very act of breathing a pleasure.

"Up the heather mountain and down the craggy brae,"

undesiring of further rest than frequent pauses to take their fill of gazing, or to listen laughingly to some pretty peasant, some distaff spinning matron, some bouquet-giving child, all vainly endeavouring to explain in their curious patois, requests to the sight-seers which resolved themselves most distinctly into an unromantic act of mendicancy,—the gay party reunited on their homeward

course; and arrived at the hotel to find Lady Charlotte alert, and recovered; only too willing to hear from Sir Douglas the mournful romance of the poet Tasso's mad love for the high-born princess, whose ducal brother had him imprisoned in darkness and solitude for years to expiate his presumption; and his miserable return, after insane and wretched years, to his sister and the old half-forgotten home.

And when that romance in prose was ended, Countess Rufo's German friend repeated Schiller's wonderful ballad of "The Diver," and his wife sang one of the sweet wild songs, whose harmonies are indeed "songs without words." And after that, on low pleading from Sir Douglas, and urging from all the rest, Gertrude sang.

Some irresistible fancy of the moment urged Sir Douglas to inquire if she had ever heard the ballad of which he recollected the one verse of farewell, as sung by his mother. Yes, she knew it; but even she could not recollect all the words. She did not think it was a complete ballad, but an old fragment of a song of exile; not, she said, from a "foreign" shore, as Sir Douglas had it, but the "Irish shore," and without further preface she began it, in the clear, rich voice he loved so to hear.

And while they listened, the day departed, and the moon fell on the unruffled sea; where the fisherman's tiny barks flashed, gleaming for a moment, and turned their sails again to shadow. The mountains rose beyond, dark and majestic, and the huge form of Vesuvius slept, unlit by its fiery torch, in the white light of the moon. The oars ceased to sound; the voices from the shore became less frequent; the very waves seemed to come more and more softly to the sands, till at length there seemed but one sound left on earth—her voice!

The broken fragment of a song is in many an old collection:—

"A lightsome heart, a soldier's mien,
And a feather of the blue;
Were all of me you knew, dear love,
Were all of me you knew!

"Now all is done that man can do;
And all is done in vain;
My love, my native land, adieu,
For we ne'er can meet again.

"He turned him round and right about
All on the Irish shore;
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
With Adieu for evermore, my love,
Adieu for evermore!"

The tender tremulousness of the last line, and the beauty of her face looking dreamily out over the sea as she sang, melted the heart of more than one of her listeners. But no one spoke to her of her song except Sir Douglas, and he said to her, in a choked, passionate voice, "If I thought it were 'adieu for evermore' between us—in lieu of a sweet, sorrowful dream—I should go mad!"

It was a declaration of love, like any other; or unlike any other, for no two declarations of love are alike, any more than any two leaves on a tree, or human faces, or voices, or even the handwriting of different persons, can be alike.

And though Kenneth and Lorimer Boyd and Count Rufo and the ladies of that happy party all spoke to Gertrude afterwards, she could not have told what any of them had said, except that at last she heard her mother say, in her softest canary-bird voice, "Well, and what shall we do to-morrow?" And Sir Douglas said, "I have business in the morning, but late in the day we might go to Amalfi, and stay a day or two there."

CHAPTER IX.

A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

BUSINESS in the morning. That special morning had long been dedicated to the final examination and arrangement of Kenneth's difficulties, at least so far as his continental tour was concerned. And now there was yet something else which his uncle desired to talk over with him, beyond and above the unpalatable fact that he must confine his expenses to his own means, and expect no more of this system of what he carelessly termed "clearing" him, henceforth and for ever.

Sir Douglas arrived at Kenneth's

apartment on the Chiaja very early, very anxious, rather weary, and thoroughly resolved. He had begun to think there was some truth in the severe opinion expressed by his friend Lorimer Boyd, that the great misfortune of Kenneth's life was his uncle's indulgence.

"Of course," that friend had said, "as long as you put a feather-bed for him to fall upon, he will pitch head-foremost like a harlequin, into every scrape and trap on the stage of existence. Leave him to suffer consequences. Either he is capable or incapable of self-conduct. In the one case all your love and pains won't save him, and in the other he will at last find his real level. If I had had an idea you were so in your dotage about this lad, Douglas, I declare I never would have written to you. I expected you to come down upon him in a stern, dignified, offended-guardian sort of way, and here you are for all the world like a nursing mother, whose precious babe has had a tumble! Do, for God's sake, let this be the last time that you actually help him to escape from the only lesson his careless mind can profit by—namely, bitter experience."

There was truth in these words; and they beat hotly in Sir Douglas's ears, as he turned restlessly on his pillow the night they returned from Sorrento. The hours of that night passed on from silvery moonlight to the blue dawn and the crimson glory of sunrise, without bringing him needful rest. There was too much in the day that was coming, and the day that had passed, for night to be anything but a bar or a gap to divide those intervals.

When the morning stir of life began once more,—early as such life begins in the streets of Naples,—Sir Douglas bathed, dressed, and went out. Even if Kenneth was not yet up, he would wait. His nephew's manner, the previous evening, had rather wounded him. It was saucy, sullen, and dissatisfied. It was easy to see that he thought himself maltreated, and his uncle officious in the matter of Lady Charlotte. Kenneth knew that Gertrude disliked and re-

sented any overt disrespect to her mother, yet he could not for the life of him abstain. He thought Lady Charlotte ridiculous, and he showed that he thought her so. He thought Gertrude neglectful of him, and almost, in her calm way, repellant to him the evening before. He was accustomed to be flattered and caressed. He had bid them all good night very curtly, getting out of the carriage in the Chiaja, instead of seeing them to the Villa Mandorlo, and had walked away with a cigar in his mouth,—looking so like his handsome wilful father, that instead of feeling angry, foolish Sir Douglas looked after him with aching tenderness and intense good-will!

On arriving at his lodgings on this particular morning, not only Sir Douglas did not find Kenneth up (that perhaps with his habits was scarcely to be expected), but it was doubtful, from the hesitating manner of the servant, whether he had been in at all, since the previous day. Sir Douglas said little to the man, and passed into the room which had been the scene of his first interview and useless lecture. Breakfast was laid, as then; but not yet touched. All was in the same sort of order, or disorder. The very sunshine appeared to be lying in stereotyped lines on the parquet floor. Sir Douglas threw himself into a lounge chair by the window, and once more thought over all he meant to say to his nephew; putting it into the most patient loving words he could frame.

Gradually the silence and [warmth, after the rapid morning walk and long wakeful night, had their effect in spite of anxiety; and Kenneth's uncle slept as soundly as Lady Charlotte had done after her adventure with the recalcitrant mule at Sorrento.

It is Lord Brougham's theory (and it is also the theory of other thinkers on the same subject) that dreams occupy only a few moments before our waking, and that during their brief passage through the brain, they blend and connect themselves with outward objects of sense and sound. In proof of which, he

says, you have only to go and run a pin sharply into a slumbering friend, and he will inform you, as he starts into consciousness, that he had dreamed for a considerable time; that he has, in fact, had a very long dream of being attacked by robbers in a wood, or otherwise wounded,—with all graphic and interesting details; all depending on that cruel little poke with a pin which you privately know you had experimentally inflicted upon him!

Sir Douglas dreamed a very pleasant dream, of wandering in Paradise with Gertrude (and without Lady Charlotte) through interminable groves of orange-trees, white with blossom and golden with fruit, while,—beyond a sort of rainbow caused by the spray of innumerable fountains, for ever rising and falling and lapping against basins of white marble carved with wreaths of immense lilies,—forms of angelic grace, in shimmering vestments of the faintest and most delicate colours, sung to their golden harps in a most ravishing manner; ending always with the burthen "Here, there is peace!"

Just as he was straining his dreaming ear for words he could not catch—owing apparently to the very indistinct pronunciation of these agreeable angels—something struck him, lightly but sharply, on the temple; and again immediately afterwards on the cheek.

He started and woke; but so strange was the scene acting round him, that for a minute he fancied that also must be a dream.

A woman shabbily dressed, with resplendent black eyes, and a thin black silk shawl carelessly adjusted over shoulders very obviously deformed, was picking out from manuscript notation a melody of Blumenthal's for the guitar. A young girl (scarcely in courtesy to be called a young lady), rather pretty, very pale, and dirty and neglected in her dress, sat at the breakfast-table, picking the bones of a chicken; not ungracefully, though she picked them in her fingers and seemed exceedingly hungry. Another "young lady," still prettier, still paler, and (if possible) in a still

more neglected toilette, sat perched on the scrollwork end of the stiff satin sofa opposite Sir Douglas's chair. It is to be presumed she was less hungry than her companion, since her occupation was biting off with her very even white teeth the budding oranges and orange-flowers from a large branch she held in her hand, and aiming at the sleeper with these fragrant pellets.

When this young nymph beheld his amazed eyes open and fix themselves upon her, she leaped from her perch with a lithe activity which even Zizine could not have surpassed, and shrieking out, "*si sveglia! si sveglia!*"—with a peal of laughter re-echoed by the other occupants of the apartment, she flitted to the furthest end, where a heavy *portière* of yellow silk divided the outer from the inner chamber; and folding the massive brocade round her, so as only to leave her laughing head visible, seemed to expect that the victim she had so unceremoniously attacked would start from his trance and follow her. Perceiving after a little breathless pause that this was not to be, she flung the curtains behind her, and returned, making first a few slow steps on the very tips of her toes, then the light and rapid run performed by ballet-dancers, then three or four pirouettes in succession, and a profound curtsy as a finale. During the bewildered moment that followed, while Sir Douglas, feeling his situation already sufficiently absurd, looked angrily round for his hat, she skipped, cat-like, into one of the great armchairs, and stood up in it as in a rostrum, leaning her arms over the cushioned back, with a roll of music which she had snatched up on the way, and with mock gravity of recitation commenced an oration.

"*Stimatissimo Signore*," said she in a most nasal Neapolitan patois, "we rejoice and felicitate you on having slumbered so well, and we hope——"

What further foolery they might have performed cannot be known, since just as Sir Douglas attempted to leave the room, with the courtesy—even to them—of a bow which should include the

trio, and amid renewed peals of mocking laughter, the door opened and Kenneth came in.

Kenneth!

His aspect in that bright Italian morning could scarcely be surpassed in degradation. Staggering drunk; his eyes bloodshot and stupified; his hair dishevelled; his dress neglected and disordered; his face almost as pale as those of the wild intruders already present, he stood, swaying to and fro, with the handle of the door in his hand, apparently attempting to comprehend what was going on in his rooms. The door, like many in the old palaces of Naples, was overlaid with tarnished but richly-patterned gilding; and beyond it was another of the heavy yellow satin brocade *portières*. He stood there like a picture set in a wondrous frame. His youth, his exceeding beauty, the grace and strength of his form, only made his present state of untidy helplessness the more saddening. It was a horrible vision! There was a moment of suspense during which all stood still. Then his countenance, which had worn a sort of puzzled, embarrassed, idiotic smile of greeting, suddenly assumed an expression of savage anger as he turned slowly from looking at Sir Douglas, and fixed his dull red eyes on the group of women, now huddled together, the elder adjusting her shawl and rolling up her manuscript music, as if in the act of departure.

"How dare you come here? how many hundred times have I forbid your coming here in the morning?" muttered the half-conscious drunkard in broken Italian.

"You told me on the contrary last night to come to breakfast, and that you would give me a good breakfast," whimpered the girl, who had been seated at the table picking chicken-bones.

"You told me you would like to practise that *barcarole*, and besides, Signore, to-night is my benefit!" rapidly protested the elder of the three; "and I wanted, therefore, to see your Excellency." Then they both spoke together, with loud, shrill, vehement chattering; till the nimble dancer who had awakened

Sir Douglas by flinging orange blossoms, and who had hitherto sat dangling her feet from the arm of the great chair, as a mere looker-on, interfered, and struck up the hand Kenneth had extended towards them in angry gesticulation, with the words, "Va! tu sei ubriaco come un porco!"—"You're as drunk as a hog." Kenneth seized her by the arm.

"Who says I am drunk? Who dares to say I'm drunk?" shouted he; "you shall be punished—you shall be imprisoned."

"Lascia!" exclaimed the girl, releasing her arm from his grasp, and looking him contemptuously in the face—"e dormi!"

"Bestia!" added she in a tone of disgust, as she shook her arm free, and attempted to pass him.

There was a moment when Sir Douglas actually expected Kenneth would return her insult with a blow. He made a step forwards—Kenneth's arm dropped heavily by his side, but he continued to look at the girl with a dull glare of anger.

"Go!" said he. "Get out, all of you!"

"What a polite Signore!" said the dancer, with a forced laugh; "ah! there is no one like an Englishman for fine manners."

"Go!" shouted the drunkard, with an infuriated stamp of his foot; still leaning on the lock of the door with his left hand.

"At your pleasure!" bowed the girl, mockingly; and she followed her frightened companions out on the staircase. As she passed she turned her pale pretty head, as the head of the Cenci is turned in the famous picture, and snapped her fingers at him with a gesture of derision and defiance common among the lower orders of the Neapolitans, and which those who study books of chiromancy can find and practise if they please.

There are occasions in life in which what we think beauty seems to wear the devil's stamp on it, and becomes repulsive instead of attractive.

Such an occasion was the present! Impossible to be more regularly and

perfectly beautiful than Kenneth Ross : he might have been painted as an ideal Apollo. Impossible to have thrown more intense grace of attitude into any action than was shown in that pallid girl's vulgar and unseemly farewell. But the effect of all this grace and beauty,—under the circumstances,—on the sole spectator was as if he had been struck down by some demoniac spell.

As the door closed on that departing group Sir Douglas sank back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. Kenneth also seated himself with a staggering gait, and, leaning both arms across the breakfast-table, addressed Sir Douglas ; clipping his husky words, and alternately attempting to stand, and dropping back into his seat.

"You think, I suppose, that these people ain't—ain't r'spectable? They are r'spectable! Wife of leader of orchestra,—great friend of mine, and leader of orchestra. You couldn't lead orchestra, for all you give yourself such connoisseur airs about music. Quite r'spectable. *Could* you lead orchestra, now? Come, I say, could you, uncle?" and he laughed an idiotic laugh.

"O Kenneth, go to bed, and end this scene."

"No, I won't go to bed. You think I'm drunk. I'm not drunk. D—— it, do you think you're to come the schoolmaster for ever over me, as if I were ten years old? I ain't drunk. I know all about it. I know that—that to-day's Tuesday; and we're—we're going to settle accounts. There! is *that* drunk? And we're going—going to Amalfi—going to pick up old ladies who can't—can't ride, eh? Going to—Amalfi. All right; let's go to—to Amalfi; only don't say I'm drunk; and don't set old mother Skifton saying I'm drunk; nor Ger—Ger—"

Sir Douglas sprang to his feet. "Wretched boy!" exclaimed he, "don't dare to utter her name."

Then recovering himself, he repeated sadly, "O Kenneth, go to your room; go to bed; I'll not irritate you by any observations; if you're not drunk, at

least you are not well. We can't talk business while you are in this state. We will put off business till to-morrow. I will return for you later. It is very early still; you will get some hours of sleep. Give me your hand. There, go to your room. Good-bye for the present. Go and rest."

The cigar-smoking valet bowed Sir Douglas out, muttering, with obsequious smiles, that he would give "remedies;" that his young excellency had unfortunately "met some friends" late last night, and that the "friends" often persuaded his young excellency to excesses he would not otherwise think of; winding up (in the inevitable style of Italian flattery) that he was sure the young excellency, *in reality*, would have greatly preferred being with his beloved and illustrious uncle to all other society, in Naples, or elsewhere.

The story of Kenneth's evening would indeed have amazed that sober uncle! Going towards his lodgings in a very discontented frame of mind, he had met with and joined a group of those so-called "friends," returning from the theatre of San Carlo. The rest of the night was spent by all in gambling, drinking, and dissipation. When day-dawn was near, he had again lost sums that for him were enormous. The two men who were the largest winners were all for departing with their gains. Kenneth objected: he claimed his *revanche*, and appealed to the others. A hot dispute ensued, some of those present being for dispersing, and some thinking Kenneth's proposal no more than reasonable. A young Portuguese nobleman, whose reputation for riches had made him the centre of a certain circle of wild young men, then took the side of the loser. He insisted on remaining and sharing the fate of the *revanche* with Kenneth. They staked and lost, staked and won, staked and lost again. At length one of their boon companions addressed the Portuguese in a bantering tone, "Come, Marquis, you are out of luck; try once more,—any stake you please,—and that shall end it." The young man looked round, set his teeth with a strange

smile, and said, "Well! I'll win it all back with a yard or two of cambric. Mr. Ross, will you go halves in my luck? Two throws of the dice; that won't greatly delay us."

Yes; and Kenneth would go halves in the stake. What was it to be?

The young Marquis rapidly divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, drew over his head one of those wonderfully embroidered Parisian shirts, which he coolly informed the company had cost him seven hundred francs;¹ observed with a scoffing laugh, as he took his stand by the gaming-table, that his present costume closely resembled that of an English gentleman about to engage in a boxing-match (a sport in which foreigners believe we continually indulge), and then threw the dice. In a few minutes his adversaries, who had thought the scene infinitely diverting, looked rather grave: they had had their throws, and lost.

He had won back the greater portion of the sums they had hoped to divide amongst them.

He lifted the embroidered dandy garment from the table, tossed it over his arm, made a salute full of gay irony to the company, retired to re-invest himself with the usual amount of clothing,

¹ This anecdote is a fact.

and was heard, a few minutes later, humming an air from the opera of the evening, as he passed down the Tolédo on his way to his hotel.

Kenneth had departed with him; having drunk almost too deeply to stand or walk, and with a dim sense, even then, of shame and annoyance, increased, as we have seen, to more intense irritation by the scene which awaited him in his apartments.

Shrouded now in luxurious curtains, his head feeling as though blistered with fire, and with just enough sense remaining for sullen consciousness of pain, —cursing his folly, his valet, and the remedies by which the latter proposed to put him in a condition to re-appear creditably in the course of the afternoon, —Kenneth remained for blank hours "resting" in his disordered apartment; while Sir Douglas, once more stepping out into the morning light, directed his steps to the quarter of Sta. Lucia, and to the verandas of the Villa Mandóro.

"There," thought he, as he looked at the pleasant sunshine falling on the white walls, "there, at least, dwells such an image of peace, purity, and quiet affection, as might mend any man's broken trust in the goodness of human nature."

To be continued.

CHILE—WITH A FEW NOTES BY THE WAY.

BY A TWELVE YEARS' RESIDENT.

WHEN good Baillie A—— began to ship Glasgow wares to Australia early in the present century, his adventurous spirit made him the object of some good-natured banter from his less speculative neighbours. "Dinna ye ken, man," said they, "there's naeboddy but kangaroos in Australia?" "Weel, weel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as gude as anither man's?" was the rejoinder of the sanguine trader. Chile, we fear, is now as much a *terra incognita* as Australia was to the Glasgow merchant half a century

ago. Let not gentle readers wax indignant at the insinuation. Is it not a fact that they believe Chile to be chiefly celebrated for "Chile peppers," and that the capsicum of botanists is the staple export from that flourishing little republic? Never was there greater delusion. Notwithstanding the very positive assertions of modern geographers in support of the popular error, the capsicum does not grow in Chile at all, but is a product of the torrid zone.

In these days of easy locomotion,

when Southern Europe is "used up" to so many travellers, it is surprising that some of them do not try the west coast of South America. The best route is by the West India mail, and *via* Panama. On the way travellers visit St. Thomas, and Kingston (Jamaica) or Havannah. Thence they proceed to Colon, crossing the Isthmus of Panama by railway, and joining the West Coast line of steamers at Taboga, a small island in the beautiful Bay of Panama. The three hours of railway travelling across the forty-five miles which separate the Carribean Sea from the Pacific Ocean, will, of themselves, fully repay the traveller for all inconveniences incident to a journey through the tropics. The gorgeous magnificence of the mass of tangled forest-flowers and creepers, through which the railway is cut, is indescribable. The variety and luxuriance of the foliage are wonderful. Flowers of exquisite beauty line the road; and, before the journey is over, one longs for a mountain-top, or placid lake, or grassy plain on which to rest the colour-satiated eye. At the end of the journey one feels as if emerging from a vast steaming conservatory, from which he is glad to escape into the cool outer air—yet ever after finding the vivid impression of such rare and exotic beauty, indelibly painted on the tablets of the memory. Unfortunately, on reaching Panama, the cool outer air is not to be found; nor can it be enjoyed for a few days longer,—not until, on board of one of the Pacific Company's superb and most comfortable steamers, we are carried several hundred miles away southwards. At Panama the heat can only be mitigated by temporary applications in the form of oysters, or the deliciously iced "claret cobbles," made with surprising skill and dexterity by mine host of the Aspinwall House. To West Coast travellers the memory of these "drinks" is fragrant. Even now I recollect the ecstasy of a young lady-passenger whose thirst I endeavoured to assuage in the way described. During the process of imbibition, daintily performed as it was, she could not refrain from whispering

to me confidentially, "This is the happiest moment of my life!"

Leaving Panama, with its sweltering heat and its memorable refrigerents, and omitting all that might be said about the remains of Spanish power and opulence in the ruinous churches, crumbling walls, and public buildings of that ancient city, we arrive, after eight days, at Callao, the seaport of Lima, the Peruvian capital. On the way the traveller will have touched at Payta, and probably also at Guayaquil. Payta is now rising into note as the principal shipping-port for Peruvian cotton, the production of which has largely increased since the breaking out of the American war. Guayaquil is noted as the port from which is exported the cocoa of Ecuador, from which the finest chocolate is made. It goes chiefly to Spain, where the article is more largely consumed than in any other European country. The scenery on the river of Guayaquil is very beautiful; but musquitos are there most abundant and vicious: they are said to bite through coverlet, sheets, and night-dress; and doubtless, were it possible to use blankets, their delicate yet searching probosces would penetrate through these as well, especially if underneath there were any hope of arriving at full-blooded, untanned Englishmen.

Lima is connected with Callao, from which it is distant about seven miles, by a railway, which, although very badly managed, yet leaves about 16 or 18 per cent. of annual profit. The traveller who wishes to proceed to Chile in the steamer which brought him from Panama has two clear days to spend in Lima—a very great advantage to him. During that time he will be able to see the principal objects of interest in the City of the Viceroy—its famous churches, its exquisite Alameda (or public promenade), and its bull-ring. Perhaps, also, he may have time to see the neighbouring watering-place of Chorillos, also connected by railway with Lima. If the bearer of any letters of introduction, he may have the opportunity of meeting some of the beautiful Limeñas. A knowledge of the Spanish

language will then be desirable. Indeed, for the sake of comfort, and to enjoy the journey thoroughly, we should recommend no one to travel in the South American Republics without at least some slight knowledge of the Spanish tongue—there universally spoken.

Should the traveller have time and money at his command, their expenditure would be amply repaid by a much longer residence in Peru than we have hinted at. The land of the Incas, their tombs and temples, and the other remains of ancient Peruvian civilization, are worthy of a more skilful and more mature investigation than they have hitherto received. There are also the wonderful nitrate-of-soda fields near Iquique to be seen, from which 100,000 tons of that valuable commodity are now annually exported to Europe.

But it is time to approach the Republic of "Chile," a country in which the present writer resided for about twelve years, and with which are connected many of his most affectionate recollections.

The stock of the present Chilean nation, as most of our readers may know, has been formed by an engrafting of the Spanish element on the native Indian races—the original occupants of the country. In some districts the Indian element appears yet to be the predominating one in the admixture; in other places it is less marked. There are now no pure Indian inhabitants, except the Araucanians, who remain intrenched in their own territory, but tributary to Chile, and forming an integral part of the nation. Amongst the leading families in the country, the Spanish element predominates. Some can trace a pure Iberian descent, although few can boast of what they so much envy—namely, an unmixed current in their veins of the real Castilian "*sangre azul*." We presume that at the present juncture of affairs, and during the continuance of the quixotic Spanish aggression, fewer references of a flattering character will be made by the Chileans to their Iberian origin.

Education is making progress in Chile

under the fostering care of an enlightened government. The population of the country is about 1,500,000, and the attendance at all schools, public and private, is about 50,000. A much larger number of persons can read, however, than one would imagine from these figures. We presume the average period of attendance at school is very short which makes the quantum of education, such as it is, suffice for a much larger number of inhabitants than it ought to do. It is noteworthy that the Roman Catholic clergy do almost nothing in the way of promoting educational efforts. Indeed, where there is the faintest odour of heresy about the educational exertions of foreigners, a note of warning is instantly and loudly sounded by the Church; but as, in the English and German academies in the larger towns, a better education is provided than can be obtained elsewhere, these warnings are not greatly heeded by intelligent parents.

The better classes in Chile are tolerably well educated. In Santiago there is a respectable University, an Institute, or High School, and a Theological Seminary—the last being in the hands of the Jesuits, or Ultramontanes, and designed to prepare a priesthood for the service of the national Church. It is but poorly attended, and throughout the country the altar is in a great measure served by Spanish, French, Italian, and Irish priests. The University is chiefly devoted to the study of law and medicine. A high classical or mathematical curriculum is not insisted on, nor, we apprehend, is it obtainable. The rector of the University, Don Andres Bello, is a fine old man, now nearly ninety years of age, a scholar of some eminence, a poet, and once an able diplomatist. Venezuelan by birth, he followed his celebrated countryman Bolivar, and, during the wars of the Independence, was resident in Europe as secretary to the representatives of some of the rebellious provinces, then embryo republics. He has lived to see the honourable labours of his ardent youth largely repaid in the advancing civilization of the majority of

the South American States. "Bello's Commentary on Public Law" is known and appreciated wherever the Spanish language is spoken. His Latin Grammar is also an admirable text-book.

Amongst the women of Chile, education is not so well attended to, nor so widely disseminated, as amongst the men. In the art of writing, the fair sex is particularly deficient, the epistles of a Chilean lady, as compared with the notes of an accomplished Englishwoman, being like the productions of a country servant girl. There is, however, no lack of polish and refinement of manners amongst the better families in the Chilean capital. Music is very generally studied, and many of the young ladies render the operas of Verdi and Bellini with a power and skill rarely found in non-professional circles.

The Chileans are frank, accessible, courteous, and hospitable. The unaffected kindness which one meets with, especially at their estates or *haciendas*, makes a lasting and most favourable impression. In the cities there is, perhaps, less outward expression of hospitality. A foreigner is very rarely invited to dine, and is seldom asked to stay at his friend's house in the city—but in the country it is entirely different. Everything is there placed at the guest's disposal, and his comfort is studied in every possible way—all with the most hearty and sincere goodwill. In the cities the evening is devoted to visiting. Unless one is on terms of very great intimacy, a visit during the day is as unacceptable as it would be unlooked for. The evening *tertulia*, with its pleasant gossip, is an agreeable recreation. The round tea-table is an institution in Chile, and English folks on visiting terms at native houses are not reduced to syrups or *eau sucrée*.

Santiago, the capital of Chile, is a most pleasant city in which to reside. It is beautifully situated about nine or ten miles from the base of the Andes, which there raise their snow-capped summits to an altitude of about 20,000 feet. It lies in the fertile and well-watered plain which stretches north and

south like a lake at the base of the great mountain chain. According to a late census, Santiago contains about 150,000 inhabitants. Hardly any Chilean who rises in the world is satisfied till he can have a house in the charming capital, where he can live in opulence or comfort. Thus there is great wealth in Santiago, and on the national holidays strangers are struck with the number of splendid equipages which then, if at no other period in the year, are brought into requisition. We are told that more than a thousand private carriages, belonging to the wealthier Santiago families, roll along the sides of their beautiful Alameda on the anniversary of the national independence. Santiago has an interesting National Museum. The theatre, which was built at great cost by the municipality, is said to rival in its form and size some of the best theatres in Europe. The houses of the richer classes are very spacious and elegant. Some are of very fanciful and rather *outré* styles of architecture, but the diversity of design throughout the city is rather a pleasing feature than otherwise. In one of the principal streets a rich banker lately built a mansion after the style of the Alhambra, and on its forefront is faithfully copied an ornamentation in Arabic characters, which, we believe, sets forth that "there is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet!"

Valparaíso, the commercial centre of the republic, and the most important seaport on the west coast of South America, is about ninety miles distant from the capital. It has not the same natural advantages as Santiago; on the contrary, its situation is cramped and confined. It is, however, built on the margin of a beautiful bay; and on bright and peaceful evenings the view across this bay towards the distant mountains, when they are lighted up by the varying hues of a gorgeous sunset, is not to be surpassed—if indeed it can be equalled—anywhere. In the background the extinct volcano of Aconcagua, the highest peak of the Andes, towers aloft to the height of

25,000 feet. Broken and irregular hills rise abruptly from the edge of the bay, and the city is chiefly built on the flat ground or beach which, in the course of past centuries, has been formed from the *detritus* washed down by winter rains. Some of these hills are covered with mean houses, inhabited by the native labouring population. One picturesque ridge, called the *Cerro Alegre*, or "the happy hill," is occupied almost exclusively by the foreign merchants, chiefly English. It is by far the most healthy quarter of the town, and no climate can be more pleasant and enjoyable than that of the *Cerro Alegre*. The native families of the better classes prefer to live below. They allege that it is "*mal por el pecho*"—bad for the chest—to climb hills, and consider the *Inglese*s to be *locos*, or half mad, for preferring the *Cerro* to the abominations of "loud smells" and incessant noise in the busy streets below. Valparaíso contains about 80,000 inhabitants. It is a bustling town, and the seat of an extensive business. It is the emporium to which traders from the coast and the provinces betake themselves for merchandise of all sorts. The finance of the coast is chiefly done in Valparaíso, and accordingly nearly all transactions in exports, as well as imports, take origin there. Besides the large general business of the city, much English capital is invested in undertakings having for their object the further development of the great resources of the country, such as railways, banks, insurance companies, gasworks, foundries, and so forth. The principal streets of the city are traversed through their whole extent by a street railway, which, although constructed at great cost, has been a most successful enterprise. Valparaíso is connected with Santiago by a railway, constructed by the Government at a cost of nearly 10,000,000 of dollars. The engineering difficulties, in the way of crossing the coast range of mountains, were very great; and the Government deserves credit for having accomplished a work so costly, yet so important, when private enterprise was

unequal to the task. Another line in continuation, partly owned by the State and partly by private individuals, runs South from the capital through the fertile valley of the Andes. Already nearly 120 miles have been opened, and the line is now being carried through to Talca, the intention being to carry it eventually to Chillan, which will be connected in the course of time by a railway with the Bay of Concepcion. These lines will, ere long, pour down to the sea-board enormous quantities of agricultural produce, and will be the arteries of commercial life to provinces, the products of which, when prices are low, are nearly valueless on account of the present costly and tedious means of conveyance. There are two Protestant churches in Valparaíso, and there are several flourishing schools, both English and German, supported by foreigners, but which are used to a considerable extent by the leading native families for the education of their children. We must not omit, in our enumeration of the *notabilia*, the existence of a pack of fox-hounds at Valparaíso, maintained by the young Englishmen of the place. Foxes are somewhat abundant, and, as the country is rough, sporting travellers visiting Chile in the winter months, from May to September, might anticipate the enjoyment of some hard runs. Valparaíso is lighted with gas supplied by two public companies; and the streets, which are generally narrow and not scrupulously clean, are lined at some places with elegant shops, in which fashionable wares are displayed from plate-glass windows.

The physical characteristics of Chile are marked and striking. In order to portray its aspect and leading features with more precision, we may divide the country into three zones or belts.

The northern zone, according to our division, extends from the northern boundary-line of the republic at lat. 23° S. to about lat. 29°, a distance of 400 miles. In this division rain never falls. With the exception of the two small valleys of Copiapo and Huasco, watered by rivers from the Cordillera,

it is an arid, yet most productive, desert. The great copper-mines, which supply England with three-fifths of all the copper she uses or re-exports, are scattered up and down throughout this desert, the northern portion of which is called the desert of Atacama. Commencing, in order, at the north, and proceeding southwards, we have the following ports, the natural outlets of mineral districts adjacent to them:—Taltal, Paposo, Chañeral, Flamenco, Caldera, Carrizal, Huasco, Sarco, and Totoralillo, all in this arid division of the country. Some of these places have not a drop of fresh water, and the inhabitants are dependent on water distilled from the ocean. Caldera, the principal port of those enumerated, is the natural outlet of Copiapo, celebrated for its silver-mines, as well as for the production of copper. The two places are connected by a railway nearly sixty miles in length, now in process of extension, and which yields annual dividends of 12 to 16 per cent. Another railway connects Carrizal with the mining district of Carrizal-alto, about twenty-four miles inland; and an extension of forty-five miles further, to Cerro Blanco, a rich mineral district on a spur of the Andes, is now being proceeded with. These lines inevitably tend to further discoveries, and to a much larger and more profitable development of the business of copper-mining wherever they are planted.

Compared with the verdure and beauty of the south this northern zone has a most forbidding aspect—hard, rocky, and scorched. Yet it provides the life-blood of Chilean commerce and wealth, and gives three-fourths of the total value of all her exports to foreign countries. Not a blade of grass is to be seen over this arid waste; yet how munificent the bountiful Lord and Maker of all, even amidst seeming forgetfulness! The very absence of nature's green mantle here discloses the abounding wealth, and prompts man to industry and forethought. Amidst the myrtle-groves, and wooded hills, and smiling valleys of the south, there is abundant provision for man of

a different kind. Yet there earth's verdant covering prevents the display of her rich though hidden arteries, and man is, therefore, called to the performance of other duties.

Near the southern limit of this arid section of the country is another mineral line of railway, viz. that connecting Coquimbo with the mineral districts of Panulcillo, Tamaya, and Andacollo. Still further south another railway has been begun, to connect Tamaya with a small port called Tongoy, about thirty miles south from Coquimbo. Panulcillo is known in England as the property of the "Panulcillo Copper Company, Limited," an enterprise which has been, and promises to be, most successful under the able administration of our friend, Mr. Hamilton. We lately had an opportunity of visiting the mine of Panulcillo, and were greatly astonished at its wonderful extent and productiveness. It can scarcely be called a mine, but is rather a cavern of vast proportions, which is entered by a level cutting or tunnel from the side of a steep hill. Inside it has the appearance of a gloomy cathedral, and the lamps of the miners working on the sloping face of this great copper quarry cause what looks like its altar to be set in gems of sparkling light. Panulcillo is noted for its abundant supply of ores (sulphurets, ranging from 5 to 15 per cent.) rather than for their quality. Indeed, Panulcillo would be a much less valuable undertaking than it is but for the proximity of the Coquimbo railway. The means of transit and cheapness of carriage are essential elements in the working of these and many other mines in Chile: hence the value and utility of her railway enterprises.

We now come, according to our arbitrary division of the country, to the middle zone or section, which extends from Coquimbo to the Bay of Arauco, in lat. 37°, a distance of nearly 500 miles. In this district rain falls, but in varying quantities, increasing as we get southwards. About Coquimbo the rainfall may be ten or twelve inches per annum; about Valparaiso, in lat. 33°, it is, on an average, about twenty-four

inches per annum; while in the Concepcion district, about lat. 36° , it is at least fifty inches per annum. At Valparaiso and Santiago, and all to the north, rain falls only with the north-wind, which rarely comes, and that only during the four winter months of May, June, July, and August. Thus agricultural operations in these districts depend on proper irrigation during the summer months. The country round Santiago is intersected with large and deep canals, constructed for the purpose of irrigation; and it is interesting to know that the rich deposit of fresh soil which the melted snows bring down from the mountain-sides, refreshes the valley, and renders unnecessary the application of manure. In the Chillan and Concepcion district irrigation is not needed, seeing that a sufficiency of rain falls in the summer as well as in the winter months. This middle section of Chile is remarkable for its beauty, as well as fertility. Wheat is the staple agricultural product, especially in the provinces of Santiago, Maule, and Concepcion. The hilly country, which cannot be irrigated, is devoted to the rearing of cattle, with here and there patches of barley. Vines are extensively planted, and yield well. With a little care, Chile might become an important vine-producing country, but at present she only supplies her own wants. On some estates, near Santiago, wines not inferior to some of the best Rhine descriptions are made; and in the Concepcion province an excellent wine, called *Mosto*, somewhat like what is known by English wine-merchants as "Burgundy port," is produced in large quantities. Besides the vine, oranges, peaches, apricots, plums, apples, pears, cherries, and strawberries are largely grown. The result of recent experiments has shown that silk of the very finest description can be most easily produced in the valley of Santiago, and this has encouraged several large proprietors to plant the mulberry-tree extensively for the propagation of the silkworm. The proximity of the Andes, and the almost constant trade-wind from the south and east, make

the climate of this division temperate and genial. Even the evenings of the hottest days, especially at the sea-coast, are delightfully cool, a luxury not always enjoyed in warm latitudes. From the coast to the distance of forty or fifty miles inland, the country is hilly, rugged, and broken, although in many places it is extremely picturesque. These coast ranges of hills, called the *Cordillera de la Costa*, rise to the height of 5,000 or 6,000 feet; and, viewed from the margin of the sea, appear as the lower ranges or spurs of the snow-capped Andes. The two ranges are, however, entirely separated by a wide and fertile valley, extending north and south at the base of the Andes for many hundreds of miles, well watered, most fertile, and seemingly as level as a vast inland lake, which probably it once was. Although apparently level, the altitude of this magnificent plain varies somewhat. Santiago, which is not far from its northern extremity, is about 1,800 feet above the level of the sea. Rancagua, about sixty miles from Santiago on the Southern Railway, is about 1,500 feet above the sea, while a hundred miles farther south the surface of the plain is not more than 500 feet above the waters of the Pacific. It is in this magnificent valley at the base of the Andes that the splendid wheat so abundantly produced by Chile is principally grown. Peru is generally the chief customer for the surplus agricultural produce of Chile; but last year (1865) upwards of ninety cargoes of wheat and flour—about 50,000 tons—were sent from Chile to Australia and New Zealand, mitigating to a considerable extent the injury resulting from a deficient harvest in these our distant colonies.

At Lota and Coronel, on the southern confines of this middle section, there are extensive collieries. The coal of Chile is most excellent for domestic purposes, being like the best Newcastle kinds. It also answers well for smelting works, and for the preparation of nitrate of soda at Iquique, where indeed it is preferred to English coal; but for steam purposes it is inferior to the best Welsh

coal. At Lota, smelting furnaces for copper have been erected on a large scale, the ores being brought from the northern copper ports, thus affording the best means of using up the small coal and screenings, which otherwise would be of no value. Fire-bricks are also largely made at Lota, fire-clay of excellent quality being found in some of the coal-mines.

The last and most southerly division of the country (at least so far as civilization extends), stretches from the Bay of Arauco to Valdivia, and the Archipelago of Chiloe—about lat. 42° or 43° S. Farther south the country is uninhabited, at least by civilized people, if we except the penal colony which Chile maintains in the Straits of Magellan. That desolate region is cold, wet, stormy, and inhospitable. Even about Valdivia and Chiloe a great deal of rain falls, and these provinces are chiefly useful now in providing all the rough timber for building and mining purposes that is used in the north and in Peru. For all finishing, panelling, and fine work, pine from the United States and New Brunswick is used, the wood of the country, which is not very valuable, not being found suitable. Near to Valdivia are the German colonies of Port Mont and Lanquihue. The industrious settlers are struggling in the midst of forest, with an indifferent climate, bad roads, and poor markets for their agricultural produce. We fear the results of this experiment in colonization have not been very satisfactory. Unfortunately, the finest agricultural district of Chile, situated near the very centre of the country—betwixt the Bay of Arauco and Valdivia—is in the possession of the unconquered Araucanians, of whose prowess Byron sung. They resent intrusion, are suspicious, and sometimes troublesome. It is to be regretted that so fine a country as they possess should remain profitless and undeveloped. There is the only instance, so far as we know, of successful resistance by an Indian race to the encroachments of the white man. There are not over 100,000 of these Araucanians altogether, and we believe their

numbers rather diminish than increase. Their national and civil position is an anomaly. They are tributary, and acknowledge allegiance to the Government of Chile, and their territory forms an integral part of the republic. Yet, so far as their local affairs and the summary administration of justice are concerned, they manage their own business. They speak their own Araucanian language, and keep themselves entirely aloof from the Chilians and their concerns.

The form of government in Chile is republican,—under a President, Senate, and Congress. The President is aided by a Council of State, and the administrative department is under the direction of four Cabinet Ministers. The suffrage is limited to such as can read and write, and possess a small amount of property, or follow some employment yielding about 30*l.* per annum. Nearly all the labouring population can earn more than this in the form of wages, and so, if they possess the higher qualifications, can be enrolled as electors. Notwithstanding the encouragement thus given, the constituencies are not nearly so numerous in proportion to the population as in our towns with the 10*l.* franchise,—want of education being the great barrier.

Chile exports annually to foreign countries more or less to the following extent :—

Copper, 45,000 tons, pure, at £80	
per ton	£3,600,000
Silver	800,000
Agricultural produce, &c. about	1,100,000
Total	<u>£5,500,000</u>

These exports fully meet the value of her imports. There is some faultiness in the department of her financial economics. The present Minister of Finance, Señor Reyes, is a young lawyer, clever yet self-willed, conservative in his system of taxation, adopting and defending the most exploded ways of extracting money for the wants of the Treasury. His defence of the export duty on copper, the backbone of the country's wealth, argues little for his

education in the principles of political economy. Señor Covarrubias, the Foreign Secretary, is an able man; and, in his correspondence with Admiral Pareja and the Foreign Ministers on the subject of the Spanish aggression on his country, he has shown himself to be fully equal to the emergency. The President, Don José Joaquín Pérez, is not understood to be of more than ordinary capacity, but is fulfilling his now most responsible duties to the satisfaction of men of all parties.

It is barely half a century yet since Chile threw off the yoke of Spain, and achieved her national independence. With Lord Cochrane as her High Admiral, and with San Martín and others as her generals, not only did she accomplish her own deliverance, but she carried the war to the enemy's strongholds beyond her own borders. The cutting out of the Spanish frigate, *Esmeralda*, by Lord Dundonald, from under the guns of the Castle of Callao, was a deed of daring unparalleled in modern times. Happily and with steady progress has Chile ever since pursued the path of improvement. She emerged from a servitude galling as Egyptian bondage. The people, with few exceptions, were ignorant and uneducated; the resources of the country entirely undeveloped. Inheriting as she did many of the vices of her former masters, and too much of their fanaticism, it is not to be wondered at that her progress, compared with that of several other new countries, has been slow. But we have said enough to prove that steady progress has been made, and that on all hands abound the evidences of material wealth, and of a large measure of prosperity. We may add that, in the last session of Congress, a declaratory act interpreted the Constitution of the country as guaranteeing the rights of conscience, and the sacred principle of religious liberty, which it had been supposed to contravene. In Chile the liberty of the press and the right of association for lawful purposes are secured under the Constitution.

At this moment Chile is enduring a

cruel wrong from the hands of her former masters. Spain has thought fit, on the most paltry grounds, to trample on the gallant little republic, no doubt having anticipated ere this time a very different result than she has so far experienced. Chile has been for some time past a thorn in the side of Spain. She is ready to throw herself into the gap between Spain and her almost undisguised designs upon the neighbouring State. Our own impression is that Spain has been cherishing, and still cherishes, designs against the treasury, if not against the sovereignty, of Peru. She has been acting the part of an unprincipled buccaneer. Conduct like hers ought to be reprobated by the family of nations. To occupy herself abroad with visionary schemes of plunder or of conquest, while her own house is on fire, appears to us like the procedure of a maniac, or of a self-deceiver. The master spirit in these unlawful enterprises is undoubtedly O'Donnell, who, to support a tottering cause at home, seeks to build up and re-establish his popularity by deeds of war abroad. His policy is described by a master-hand in the *North British Review* of March, 1865; and, had the almost prophetic warnings given in that article been taken by Spain, she might not have stood to-day in the deplorable condition which she occupies.

During the progress of the struggle thus far Chile has conducted herself nobly. Since the preceding pages were written, we have heard that the Chilean corvette *Esmeralda* has captured the Spanish war steamer *Cavadonga*, after a brief but brilliant action, almost within hearing of the Spanish admiral. It is reported that Admiral Pareja soon after receiving the intelligence committed suicide. We trust these events, added to many other powerful reasons, may induce Spain to desist from her quixotic attempt to coerce Chile. Once quit of present trouble, we have no doubt the little republic will, with renewed energy and a loftier spirit of independence, pursue afresh the paths of peace and of prosperity. W.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

On the day of publication of this Number of this Magazine a new Parliament will meet at Westminster. The beginning of a new Parliament is an epoch of English history. This is the nineteenth Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the seventh of the reign of Queen Victoria.

The last Parliament was of unusually long duration. It sat seven sessions. Having assembled in May, 1859, it was dissolved in July, 1865, and had thus, unusually, entered into its seventh year. Many signs indicate a short life for the Parliament which now begins. The durability of a House of Commons much depends on the stability of the Government, and the long duration of the late Parliament was principally owing to a Prime Minister who inspired a general confidence which much tempered party feeling, and who was singularly skilful in retaining friends and conciliating the respect and good-will of adversaries. Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone are compelled to take up the question of Parliamentary reform, which will inevitably divide Parliament into clearly defined and eagerly combative parties. If a new Reform Bill, with new and altered constituencies, and a considerable extension of the franchise, is carried, a dissolution must quickly follow, in order to let the new electors elect. Even if the Bill should be confined, as Mr. Bright has urged, to increase of the existing constituencies, it will be difficult to continue, after the first registration under the new Act, as Mr. Bright has advised, with a House of Commons elected by bodies essentially different from those of the new registers, though within the same boundaries. If the Ministerial Bill should not be carried, then there may be change of Government with dissolution, or dissolution preceding or averting change of Government. All such speculations, however, may be illusory; and, as a rickety bant-

ling often becomes robust and long-lived, this Parliament, at whose prospects of life political doctors are shaking their heads, may weather storms and outlive expectations.

What a change has been wrought in this Parliament by the death of one member since the general election of July! Lord Palmerston's Parliament assembles to-day, and Lord Palmerston is not there. The spirit which governed the great election-battles of last summer, which animated friends and softened opponents in every county and every borough of the land, has fled. The name, which was then a great talisman, has passed from life into history. Palmerston, after sixty years of public life and service, has gone to take his place in English annals with the Pitts and Fox and Canning and Peel and Wellington. He has had his public funeral—fit solemn representative of national respect and sorrow, than which greater were never called forth by the death of any English civilian. His fame was of slow growth, and had struggled into strength and greatness. It will not wane after death.

But a Minister who was a public man sixty years ago, whom Spencer Perceval invited to his Cabinet, who was the friend and colleague of Canning, and who was a foremost statesman when Lord Grey formed his Reform Government more than thirty years since, had necessarily sympathies and opinions connected with much that time and inevitable change have gradually relegated to the past. He was a statesman of a system of official conventionalities and party arrangements and government by aristocratic coteries—of a system described by Lord Jeffrey, in one of his pleasant letters, as one which virtually placed the direction of English politics in the hands of some two hundred individuals,—a system which, already shaken, must soon give way before growing commercial and manufacturing wealth, and spreading intelligence and

political zeal, before the spirit of popular constituencies, and the voices of independent members.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new."

Lord Palmerston's eclectic mind and sympathising character enabled him to profit to a great extent by signs of the times, and blend, with a graceful adroitness peculiarly his own, new tendencies with old traditions. His death is probably the beginning of a great change. Whatever may have been temporarily arranged, English government cannot long continue administered by aged hierarchs of an outworn creed. Lord Palmerston has gone, and the hopes of all friends of progress are now fixed on the eloquent younger statesman who has leapt into his place as leader of the House of Commons, whose political character has been made by steady continuous development, who has shown singular freedom from servility to prejudice and singular courage in emancipating himself from error, who has with deliberate reflection inscribed "Forward" on his banner, and whose academic associations, large and deep culture, and political experience must ever save him from sacrificing any precious element or essential foundation of English polity to an unlettered, or turbulent, or unprincipled democracy.

It is noticeable that the late elections have restored to the House of Commons every leading member of every section. The chief loss of the Government was a subordinate official—the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Frederick Peel, who has since retired from office on account of ill-health. Its other small losses were a Lord of the Treasury, Colonel White, and two members of the Royal household, Lord Bury and Lord Alfred Paget. Mr. Gladstone's defeat by a very small majority at Oxford was happily the cause of a great triumph in his return for South Lancashire. All the leaders of the front Opposition bench are also again in their places; the only loss among ex-official Conservatives being Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, who is of the second rank. Mr. Bright, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Horsman,

and Mr. Lowe—the prominent individualities—are all again in the House of Commons.

The political subject which was uppermost in the general election was Parliamentary reform, and this gives a special interest to the returns for the metropolitan boroughs. These large constituencies, whatever else may be said of them, cannot now be described as mere refuges of moneyed mediocrity or political imposture. With Mr. Göschen for the City, Mr. Mill for Westminster, Mr. Thomas Chambers for Marylebone, Mr. Hughes for Lambeth, Mr. McCullagh Torrens for Finsbury, Mr. Salomons for Greenwich, and Mr. Layard for Southwark, it would not be possible to match this array of seven names out of any other eighteen representatives of constituencies, and it would be difficult to do so even from all the English boroughs separately, or from all the English counties.

A weekly newspaper of great ability has employed much diligence in calculating the number of members of the new House of Commons who are sons of peers, or otherwise connected with families of the titled aristocracy.¹ Including four Irish peers, there are no less than 134 members of noble families, chiefly sons of noblemen, elected, and eighty-three more members connected by marriage or close relationship with noble families. Here then are 217 out of 658 members, or a third of the House of Commons, belonging to the Peerage, which has the House of Lords for itself. This is an interesting inquiry in a constitutional point of view. These numbers must affect speculations on Parliamentary reform. Noble families are entitled to a share in the general representation, and property must be duly represented; but it is impossible not to see, in the large proportion of members of the House of Commons taken from noble families, proof of undue preponderance of the Upper House in the Lower. The lapse of eighty years, and the name of William Pitt, raise above party, and elevate into a political axiom, a sentence in which the great Conserva-

¹ *Spectator*, August 5, 1865.

tive idol propounded, in 1782, his fundamental principle of Parliamentary reform. "The representation had been "designed to be equal, easy, practicable, "and complete: when it ceased to be "so—when the representative ceased to "have connexion with the constituent, "and was either dependent on the "Crown or the aristocracy—there was a "defect in the frame of representation, "and it was not innovation, but recovery "of the constitution, to repair it."

The returns of new lawyers of eminence are specially interesting, as their class is intellectual, and the portion of it which crops up in the House of Commons influences largely the government of the country. At this moment, the Chancery bar supplies, both to the Government and the Opposition benches, the second Parliamentary orator of either side. To be pronounced second as Parliamentary orator to Mr. Gladstone can be no disparagement of Sir Roundell Palmer; but many will doubt the inferiority, in attributes of Parliamentary speaking, of Sir Hugh Cairns to Mr. Disraeli. The Conservative side, weaker in statesmen, has been for some time past stronger in lawyers than the side of the Government. There was no dispute as to the propriety of the selection made by Lord Westbury, in the last session of Parliament, in honourable departure from the usual practice of party, of Mr. Montague Smith, a Conservative member of the House of Commons, for a judgeship. Mr. Russell Gurney, Mr. Huddleston, Mr. Baggallay, and Mr. Forsyth, now enter the House of Commons to strengthen the Conservative legal phalanx, which has lost Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Malins. Mr. Thomas Chambers (the Common Serjeant), Mr. Edward James, and Mr. Coleridge, are the prominent legal gains of the Liberal party.

And what of literature in the House of Commons? Political life is not favourable to literature, and when men—like Sir Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone—of the highest literary eminence are also statesmen, their literary character and reputation become obscured. How Lord Macaulay, in office and in Parliament, and with gifts

of eloquence which enabled him ever to enthral his audience, sighed for freedom to live with his books! The return of John Stuart Mill for Westminster is the most remarkable event of the general election; and a public, far outstretching the limits of the United Kingdom, hopefully wait to see a Parliamentary career and a Parliamentary reputation, the gain of which shall outweigh any loss from interruption of philosophic studies. Sir Henry Rawlinson is again a member of the House of Commons, though probably not likely to be one of its orators. Members of all parties will be pleased to see Mr. Beresford Hope again in Parliament. Some names, which we have already mentioned in other connexions, again claim mention in connexion with literature, whose roll among the new members includes Mr. Hughes, Professor Fawcett, Mr. Forsyth, Mr. Oliphant, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Lamont (member for Buteshire), and Mr. McCullagh Torrens.

It is not our purpose to enter into calculations of numerical party gains or losses, or to encroach on the province of Messrs. Dod and Walford by personal details about members. The majority achieved by the elections for the Government, so long as it was Lord Palmerston's Government, was generally estimated, without dispute, at about eighty. The death of Lord Palmerston will probably have some effect on this calculation. The lively sketches of members of Parliament, which appear weekly, whether in session or out of session, in a great pictorial newspaper of immense circulation, are probably known to most of our readers, and occur to us at this moment in connexion with some descriptions of the late elections and new Parliament by the same hand which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* immediately after the general election. The vivacity of these sketches certainly depends in some degree on personality in mode of treatment; and a gentleman who describes members, knowing them only from the gallery or by hearsay, must, if he is often personal, be sometimes

unjust. There is no doubt that those dashing sketches, in a newspaper of which all Englishmen may be proud, are in some degree open to criticism on this ground. A few mistakes in the first of the series of articles on the new Parliament may be noticed here. Two gentlemen, who have not been re-elected, are singled out as specimens of doubtful politicians, "occupying between the two "parties a position akin to that attributed to the bats between the birds "and the beasts;" and these two are Mr. Kenneth Macaulay and Lord Alfred Hervey, the late members for Cambridge and Bury St. Edmund's. If ever there was a decided partisan, on whose vote the Conservative whipper-in could always rely in an emergency, it was the late genial and accomplished member for Cambridge; and Lord Alfred Hervey, having united his fortunes with the Peelites, and held subordinate office in Lord Aberdeen's coalition administration, was latterly, as a member of the Prince of Wales's household, to be regarded as a Government member. "Nobody," it is said, "can know why "Lord Athlumney, better known as Sir "William Somerville, should have represented Canterbury for ten years or "so." It would not be necessary to go to the painstaking compiler of the Parliamentary ramifications of the great governing families to ascertain that Lord Athlumney married a daughter of the house of Conyngham, which is not unknown in Canterbury. High-mindedness and want of self-assertion are probably the only reasons why Sir William Somerville, who was for some time Chief Secretary for Ireland, and whose high character and abilities are indisputable, has disappeared from official life, letting inferior men pass him on the political ladder. Then there is a refutation of a supposed story that Lord Ashley was defeated at Cricklade, whereas it is asserted on the contrary that there was no contest, and that the seat was taken quietly over to Conservatism. The fact is that another young nobleman was the Liberal candidate *vice* Lord Ashley, and was defeated by the Conservative, Mr. Gooch.

Parliament meets with the Cabinet shorn of Lord Palmerston's strength, and recruited by the single accession of Mr. Göschén. The transfer to the Foreign Office of Lord Clarendon, who is a laborious worker, firm in principle, and skilful to conciliate, is so far an increase of strength for the Administration. The office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which Lord Clarendon vacated, it took a long time to fill up. Mr. Bright, who would appear from recent speeches to be nothing loth to accept office, would probably not have been acceptable to some members of the Cabinet; it is certain that his becoming a member of the Government would shorten its days. Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe are both separated from the Government by an impassable barrier, through their speeches of last session against extension of suffrage. Might not the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, whether with or without the Cabinet, have been offered to Mr. Roebuck, who has been a political worker of mark, and even eminence, for many long years, who is indeed an English celebrity, who is not rich, it is true, and is without title or aristocratic alliances, but who in other respects will not unfavourably compare with Sir Robert Peel, by whom the office has been refused? It has become known that the new Prime Minister, immediately after Lord Palmerston's funeral, offered Sir Robert Peel a peerage, with the rank of Viscount, and that Sir Robert declined the honour, declaring his wish to remain in the House of Commons. Shortly after, he was requested to resign his office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, that of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster being at the same time proposed to him. He immediately resigned the one, and refused the other, unless a seat in the Cabinet were also given him. The proposal was not renewed with this addition, and since then Sir Robert Peel has been gazetted a Grand Cross of the Bath; a somewhat singular and even suspicious grant of an honour which has been usually reserved for veteran commanders and civilians of eminent service. So again, the departure of Mr. Hutt

from the Vice-Presidentship of the Board of Trade was attended by the offer of a baronetcy, which he refused, and was then followed by his nomination to an *extra* Knight Commander of the Bath. The value of an order of merit must be impaired, if it is pressed by a Minister into his service to facilitate political transactions or appease troublesome discontent. It must be a new reading of the highest grade in the Order of the Bath, that it is to be given to an official pronounced unsuited for elevation to the Cabinet. Mr. Forster, the new Under-Secretary for the Colonies, is generally judged worthy of a post of greater rank and responsibility than that which has been assigned to him; and, should Mr. Stansfeld remain out of office, the omission will be specially noted, and will receive a special interpretation. If Sir Charles Wood's health should necessitate his retirement from the Indian Secretaryship of State, rumour indicates the Duke of Argyll—who has paid special attention to Indian subjects—as his probable successor. But there will be much difficulty in finding a successor for the Duke of Argyll in the honorary office of Lord Privy Seal, as there has been in discovering a Chancellor for the Duchy of Lancaster: and is it possible that the Government may so far trample on traditions and established conventionalities, and so far honour public opinion, as to propose to confide the government of India to the man who, of all the members of the new Parliament, knows most about India—the greater part of whose life, as also the greater part of whose father's life, was passed in the India House,—the new member for Westminster, who, on the formation of the present Indian Council refused a seat in it, which would have indeed incapacitated him from entering the House of Commons?

The question of Parliamentary reform, which will be prominent in this session, we regard without reference to party, and with reference only to the ends of fair and efficient representation of all classes and interests, uncorrupt and intelligent elections, and honest, pure, and economical government. Administrative

reform in our public departments is urgently needed. This topic excited much enthusiasm for a short time after the close of the Crimean War, but it has since lain dormant. Can there be a greater proof of the need than Mr. Gladstone's confession of last year, of the obstructions which had thwarted his endeavours to secure effective audits of the receipts of public departments? The chief cause of administrative shortcomings and abuses is the system of government by party. A Government must job to gratify and strengthen its own party. It must do all it can to conceal its faults from the Opposition. The time is past when the vigilance of a party in opposition is needed to protect the public interest against the Crown, acting through the party in government. There is now more danger of collusion and conspiracy between the two parties—those who hold office and those who expect to hold it—against the interests of the public. Mr. Mill, in one of his admirable addresses to the electors of Westminster, declared that he had little hope of improvement “until the increased influence of the smaller taxpayers on the Government, through a larger extension of the suffrage, shall have produced a stricter control over the details of the public expenditure.” This is a strong practical argument for Parliamentary Reform. An assembly truly representative of the people should provide the check against bad government, which the advocates of party propose to seek by pitting one political party against another. Burke's and Macaulay's eulogies on party as it has been, are well known. But the times are changed, and the old bottles will not serve for new wine. We are tempted to quote some sentences of a powerful argument against party by Lord Brougham:

“The system is proved to be bad; hurtful to the interests of the country, corrupting to the people, injurious to honest principle, and at the very best a clumsy contrivance for carrying on the affairs of the State. The great families in their struggles with each other and against the Crown have recourse to party leagues, and the people are from time to time drawn into the conflict. The evils which flow

from this manner of conducting public affairs are manifest. The two greatest unquestionably are, first, the loss of so many able men to the service of the country, as well as the devotion of almost the whole powers of all leading men to party contests, and the devotion of a portion of those men to obstructing the public service instead of helping it; and next, the sport which, in playing the party game, is made of the most sacred principles, the despising of the people, and the assumption of their aristocratic leaders to dictate their opinions to them. It is a sorry account of any political machine that it is so constructed as only to be kept in order by the loss of power and the conflict of forces which the first of these faults implies. It is a clumsy and unwieldy movement which can only be effected by the combined operation of jarring principles, which the panegyrists or rather apologists of these anomalies have commended.¹

Public opinion seems to expect, and Ministerial announcements to indicate, a bill of Parliamentary reform; but a proposal, of which notice has been given by Lord Elcho, for a Commission which shall lay a foundation for legislation by extensive inquiry, might meet the views of many both moderate and bold reformers, and provide a fair basis of conciliatory settlement of this question. The same numerical franchise may be essentially different in different boroughs. The evidence taken before Lord Grey's Committee of the House of Lords of 1860 was just enough to show the importance and the necessity of further minute inquiry. That Committee was appointed to inquire "what would be "the probable increase of the number of "electors in the counties and boroughs "of England and Wales from a reduction of the franchise, and whether any "or what change is likely to be made "in the character of the constituencies "by such increase; also what difference "there is between large and small constituencies in respect of the proportion "of the registered electors who usually "vote in contested elections, and into "the causes of any such difference which "may be found to exist; likewise into "the means by which elections in very "large constituencies are practically determined, and into the expenses incurred in conducting them." These

¹ Effects of Party, in *Historical Sketches of Statesmen* of the time of George III.

are very important matters of inquiry. The Committee expressed no further opinion, in presenting the evidence which they collected, than that the subjects into which they had inquired "will "require very careful consideration "whenever Parliament may be called "to enter upon any measure of Parliamentary reform." Every borough constituency has its specialities, and these should be known. Desirable extension of boundaries may be practicable in some cases. What is the effect on the conduct and expense of elections of grouping of distinct towns into Parliamentary boroughs? Among the many boroughs in which corruption still exists, each has its special ways of corruption and traditions of expenditure, and the diseased part is always well known in the borough itself. An effective way of dealing with this evil will be to attack it, according to the circumstances, in each separate constituency, ascertain the exact nature and extent of the evil (as can be best, if not only, done by Commissioners), and then proceed either to swamp the venal element, or cut out the peccant parts. There are several boroughs in which, the opposite parties being nearly balanced, a certain number of venal voters, whose price is generally higher as the number is smaller, turn the scale and determine the election. The Election Committees, which will follow the meeting of Parliament, will probably bring new disclosures of corruption; and it is certain that there is much more to be told than will be disclosed through election-petitions. An inquiry by a Commission into all these matters cannot be regarded as a stratagem for delay, while it would probably fall in with the wishes of those whom Mr. Bright, in his late thinking aloud on the tactics of Parliamentary Reformers, has described as trembling at a too short tenure of their seats. The absence of great excitement is no argument, as some would idly represent, against the introduction of a measure of reform; but it renders hurry unnecessary, as hurry is always undesirable, and makes a full and careful inquiry practicable. The first proposal of an inquiry

by a Commission to precede any new measure of Parliamentary reform came from the indefatigable Mr. Chadwick, at a meeting of the Law Amendment Society, in 1859, presided over by the late Sir James Stephen, who, in a remarkably brilliant speech which has been printed, gave the sanction of his authority to the proposal.¹

¹ The Chief Methods of Preparation for Legislation, especially as applicable to the Reform of Parliament, by E. Chadwick, Esq. C.B.; also, a Speech thereon by the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K.C.B. Charles Knight and Co. 1859.

Within a few days the new Parliament is opened at Westminster by the Queen herself, coming forth from a long sorrow to take part, for the first time since she has been a widow, in the great constitutional ceremonial. The members of the new House of Commons throng to meet her. It is on that new House, of which some two hundred members have never before sat in Parliament, that the interest, the hopes, and the expectations of the nation are chiefly fixed. May to-day's beginning be a good new start in the course of political amelioration!

DEATH ON THE SEAS.

THIS New Year, which lately opened upon us, mild and sweet as spring, may, before its close, show us many sad and strange things, but it can show nothing sadder or stranger, nothing more utterly mysterious and incomprehensible—to our human eyes—than that vision of Death on the Seas, which startled all England into pity and terror; and then, as the facts of the story came out, made the nation's heart thrill with admiration of the heroic fortitude which exalts the merely terrible into the sublime, when, a few days ago, there landed at Plymouth the nineteen forlorn survivors of the Australian steam-ship *London*.

Every one now knows the history of that wreck; a catastrophe so sudden, so unexpected; in its causes taken (apparently) so completely out of the range of human prevision or prevention: and in its result creating so frightful a waste of human lives, destroyed in a manner which—dare we put into words the cry that must have gone up from many a desolated home?—seems so pitilessly cruel. In most calamities we have the comfort of finding some one to blame, for carelessness or neglect, frantic folly or deliberate wickedness; but here (so far as we can see) is nothing of the kind. The elements, and they alone, seem to have banded themselves together against the doomed vessel; it

fell helplessly, not into the hands of man, but of Him of whom we say—and herein is the only lightening of the dark horror of the tale—"And He made the seas also."—As He made death, and sickness, and physical and mental pain, and all else that came into our world with or through sin—how? and why? We must wait, if through all eternity, until He Himself sees fit to answer that question.

Even as we must wait till the sea shall give up these dead, to whom death came in such a terrible shape; and yet, after all, they may have died more easily than we shall die upon household pillows, and they sleep as safely and sweetly at the bottom of the Atlantic as we shall sleep under churchyard daisies. Oh, if we could only think so! if we could forget *how* they died, and cease to ask of Providence desperately and blindly, *why* they died—those two hundred and twenty souls, who went down in the full flush of strength, with their eyes wide open to the coming death; when—on that Thursday afternoon—(just about two o'clock, while half England was sitting down cheerily to its family dinner-tables), in the wild Bay of Biscay the good ship *London*, "settling down stern" foremost, turned up her bows into the "air, and sank beneath the waves."

They cannot be separately recorded—that mass of human beings—men, women, and children, every one of whom will be missed and mourned by some other one, perhaps by many, both in England and Australia. Most of them, probably, lived obscurely in quiet homes, outside of which they would never have had their names mentioned, but for those brief *Times* sentences which chronicled the manner of their dying. Otherwise, who would ever have heard of “Miss Marks, of Old Kent Road,” who “was at first almost frantic, yet “when the boat left she stood calmly on “deck bare-headed, and waved an adieu “to Mr. Wilson;” of “Miss Brooker, from Pimlico,” who “was heard to say, “as she wrung her hands, ‘Well, I have “done as much as I could, and can do “no more,’ and then became outwardly “calm;” and of “Mrs. Price, Mrs. “Wood (who had with her her husband “and five children), Miss Brooker, and “Miss Marks, who read the Bible by “turns in the second cabin.”

But here is what the *Western News* says of them—these hapless two hundred, just taken from warm English fire-sides, Christmas dinners, and New Year’s gatherings, to be taught, as only the Divine Spirit teaches, and in a manner none can understand until they learn it—how to die.

“It was at 10 o’clock on the morning “of that fatal Thursday that Captain “Martin had the terrible task of making “known to the 200 passengers that the “ship was sinking, and that they must “prepare for the worst. She was then “as low in the water as the main chains. “The whole of the passengers and crew “gathered, as with one consent, in the “chief saloon, and having been calmly “told by Captain Martin that there was “no hope left, a remarkable and unani- “mous spirit of resignation came over “them at once. There was no scream- “ing or shrieking by women or men, no “rushing on deck, or frantic cries. All “calmly resorted to the saloon, where “the Rev. Mr. Draper, one of the pas- “sengers, prayed aloud, and exhorted “the unhappy creatures by whom he “was surrounded. Dismay was present

“to every heart, but disorder to none. “Mothers were weeping sadly over the “little ones about with them to be en- “gulfed, and the children, ignorant of “their coming death, were pitifully in- “quiring the cause of so much woe. “Friends were taking leave of friends, “as if preparing for a long journey; “others were crouched down with Bibles “in their hands, endeavouring to snatch “consolation from passages long known “or long neglected. Incredible, we are “told, was the composure which, under “such circumstances, reigned around. “Captain Martin stationed himself in “the poop, going occasionally forward, “or into the saloon; but to none could “he offer a word of comfort by telling “them that their safety was even pro- “bable. He joined now and then for a “few moments in the public devotions, “but his place to the last was on the “deck. About 2 o’clock in the after- “noon, the water gaining fast on the “ship and no signs of the storm subside- “ing being apparent, a small band of “men determined to trust themselves “to the mercy of the waves in a boat “rather than go down without a struggle. “Leaving the saloon, therefore, they got “out and lowered away the port cutter, “into which sixteen of the crew and “three of the passengers succeeded in “getting and in launching her clear of “the ship. These nineteen men shouted “for the captain to come with them, “but with that heroic courage which “was his chief characteristic, he declined “to go with them, saying, ‘No, I will “go down with the passengers; but I “wish you God speed and safe to land.’ “The boat then pulled away, tossing “about helplessly on the crests of the “gigantic waves. Scarcely had they “gone eighty yards, or been five minutes “off the deck, when the fine steamer “went down stern foremost with her “crowd of human beings, from whom “one confused cry of helpless terror “arose, and all was silent for ever.”

In other versions of the story, so heroic that its horror melts into beauty—some three or four names stand out clearer than the rest. And though now far away from praise or blame, if they

ever thought of either—they, living there four days in full front of death—still it is some comfort to record all we can learn of what they did and said, during the hours when they waited for that end, concerning which the only thing they knew was its inevitable certainty.

And first, the Captain—J. Bohnn Martin. The brave race of British commanders will never furnish a finer specimen than this man, striving with fate to the utmost; and all hope being over, “calmly walking up and down the poop” of his slowly sinking ship. Nay, when the one boat put off—leaning over the bulwarks to give the crew their course—“E.N.E. by Brest,”—which they found to be correct; adding those last words to Mr. Greenhill the engineer, which, when told among the histories of “Shipwrecks and Disasters at sea,” will yet make many a boy’s heart thrill. “There is not much chance for the boat, there is none for the ship. Your duty is done—mine is to remain here. Get in and take command of the few that it will hold.” Five minutes afterwards, he went down to the bottom with his ship and all his passengers. But surely, surely—

“Although his body’s under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft”—

this brave, good man, this true British sailor!

Of the Rev. Daniel Draper, we learn only that he was a Wesleyan Minister, “well known, and highly respected,” in Australia, where he had resided thirty years, and whither he was returning with his wife, the daughter of one of the first missionaries to Tahiti. His devotedness must have been great. One thinks of him, the old man, for he must have been rather beyond middle age, exhorting and praying to the last. “He was heard to say repeatedly, O God, ‘may those who are not converted, be converted now—hundreds of them!’ And whoever may or may not agree with the special creed of the Wesleyan Minister, his faith, proved in face of a death as solemn as that of the primitive martyrs, must have been as strong and as sublime almost as theirs.

Side by side with the Christian missionary stands—in this awful picture—another figure, strangely different, and yet alike in many points—the actor. Many play-goers of ten years back may remember G. V. Brooke, whose acting, unequal as it was (and made more so by failings, upon which let there be all silence now!) possessed a certain kind of absolute genius. At one time his *Othello* put the town in a *furor*; and his *Hamlet*, so uncertainly performed that one night it would be Shaksperian, and the other mere buffoonery, is still vividly recollected by the present writer. His fine presence, his exquisite voice, made him—externally at least—the very personification of the Royal Dane. Recalling this,—how touching is the “last scene of all” in the career of the poor actor, seen “in a red Crimean shirt and trousers, bare-footed, with no hat on,” working incessantly at the pumps, “more bravely than any man in the ship.” And strangely touching is our final glimpse of him “four hours before the ship went down;”—“leaning with ‘grave composure upon one of the ‘half-doors of the companion; his chin ‘resting upon both his hands, and his ‘arms on the top of the door, which he ‘gently swayed to and fro, as he ‘calmly watched the scene.” He, too, sleeps well! “Alas, poor Yorick!”

But last in the list—and greatest, if we may count greatness by the amount of loss; the blank left, which, even as to worldly work and usefulness no other man can fill (or we think so now), comes the name of the Rev. Dr. Woolley, Principal of Sydney College. The newspapers tell his career; how, after taking a First Class at Oxford, and a Fellowship at University College, in which honours he was united with his friend Canon Stanley, Dean of Westminster, he became successively Head Master of Rossall School, in Lincolnshire; and of King Edward’s School, at Norwich. Afterwards, being appointed a Professor of Sydney College, he sailed in 1852 for the “under world.” Whether or not colonial life was suitable or pleasant to him, he laboured there incessantly, with abundant success,

until eight or ten months ago, when he came home for rest. Many friends, with many tempting offers, urged him to stay at home, and still stronger was the temptation of his own nature. One who saw him during his latest days in England, writes of him thus:—

"His tastes were those of a refined and cultivated man. He told me that his stay here, mixing in the society of men of letters, had been a delight to him beyond what I, who was always in it, could conceive. He had met Tennyson and Browning—nothing could be more to his taste than the companionship of such men, with whom his own qualities made him a most welcome guest. He had in perfection the bright, gentle, cheery manner that characterises the best Oxford man. In stature he was small; but his face most pleasant to look at. He was very active in all sorts of societies and institutions for the benefit of working men, and men engaged in business. A volume of his Colonial Lectures was lately published here—but who could criticise them now? His age must have been about fifty, but he looked younger. He had a wife and six children waiting his return to Sydney. Whither, as I soon perceived, he was determined to go, for he felt his work lay there and his duty. He went back to fulfil his duty, and has fulfilled it—thus."

To the same friend he wrote—what, with all its personal details excised, it can scarcely be a breach of confidence to print here, seeing how clearly it demonstrates the man—almost the last letter he ever did write—dated from Plymouth. Strange it is to look at the neat handwriting, the smoothly-folded paper, still fresh and new, and to think of where that tender, delicate, generous right hand lies now.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Will you think me very impertinent if I venture to write to you about"—a matter of business concerning a young *protégée* of his. "We are wind-bound, and I almost hope that the wind, ill to us, may prove good to her."

"My wife knew her and her family

"at——." And here follow minute, personal details, carefully and wisely given, showing a gentlemanly reticence in asking favours, mingled with the generous anxiety of a good heart, which even at that busy moment had time to spare for those who needed kindness, and for whom he expresses the keenest sympathy, because, as he ends by saying, "they are fighting a hard fortune brightly and bravely."

"I expect," he continues, "to sail to-day; so if you are inclined to give my young friend a trial, might I ask you to communicate with her." And then, after carefully giving the address and other particulars, he closes the letter so abruptly, that he omits the conclusion, date, and signature—probably summoned on board in haste. But the letter was posted and received, afterwards to be returned to the subject of it, and to become a permanent memorial of what another friend, writing to the *Times*, calls "the gentleness, almost feminine, of his nature; and the warmth and generosity of his heart."

And so he, also, went down with those lost in the *London*. The survivors report how, with the Rev. Mr. Draper—though, doubtless, in many points widely differing from him—Dr. Woolley conducted the religious services on the last Sunday, and, during the lingering suspense of those awful days, comforted the people with exhortation and prayer. Not much is said about him: but we know in what manner he would die, and help others to die. His public career may be told in other ways; but this one word is in remembrance of the man himself—the good man—John Woolley.

Thus they perished—these two hundred and twenty: summoned—why we know not—out of useful lives, and prosperous lives, and busy and happy lives; and the mystery of their sudden ending we dare not even attempt to understand. But we know we shall one day; that great day when "the dead that are in their graves"—sea-graves as well as land-graves—"shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they that hear shall live."